

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

FAST PEOPLE.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

HOLD, reader! I do not mean people who fast in the sense of abstinence from luxuries, or of marked attention to self-denial—that old-fashioned virtue has but few advocates and still fewer practical illustrations; neither do I mean people fast in the sense of fixed or firm—that idea would interfere with the modern notion of progress, the tendency of which is to unsettle old foundations and disorganize established systems, and substitute new experiments; but I refer to people who are fast in the sense of speed or celerity. In any other view of it the present generation, in their giddy whirl, would not stop to hail this little craft, or ascertain its cargo and destination. Then, by fast people, I mean people not slow. That's it exactly. And as this is a taking subject I anticipate a large number of readers. The order of the day is to think fast, speak fast, read fast, and live fast; and he who expects his composition read must write fast and quit when done, if not before. After all, fast and slow are terms relatively applied. There are fast stage-coaches, fast steam-boats, and fast horses; but all of these are slow compared to the flight of a pigeon, and the pigeon is slow when compared to a streak of lightning.

This is a fast age of the world; the records of antiquity afford nothing to equal it, and the history of all past time is thrown into the shade. Every thing appears to be in motion to develop some latent power heretofore unknown. Most men are excited about something or other, and the general idea is that some demonstration out of the usual course of human events must and will be made soon. New inventions are multiplied. There is not time allowed to prove the practical working of one before another is announced. Genius plans and steam and electricity

execute. If the laws of nature make any resistance, the impression of some people is, those laws should be reformed or overcome; for what is impossibility, physical or moral, before the potent intellect of educated man! Suppose he should, by some mishap, step overboard and land in eternity before his books are posted, his report completed, and his history fully developed, can he not return, and through some spiritual writing medium finish the job? Such appears to be the belief of those fully inducted into the mysteries of table rapping and spiritual correspondence, and to require proof would be unreasonable, since they have discovered how to believe without evidence. I will not venture out further in that direction lest I lose soundings—small boats should keep in sight of land; but let us notice one or two specimens of mechanical invention. Solomon said “there is no new thing under the sun,” and in my simplicity I thought it was so; but some knowing folks think they have ascertained that although Solomon's declaration was true then, yet some new things have transpired since; and if I could persuade myself that all the published reports of new inventions were true, it would stagger my own confidence in Solomon's words. For example, some time since a real Kentuckian sojourning in the east and comparing notes with some who were describing modern inventions, led off in his turn thus:

“Really, gentlemen, those things of which you speak are wonderful, but not quite equal to the Mutton Mill.”

*Gent.* “Mutton Mill! what is that?”

*K.* “It is a new establishment over on the Rolling Fork of Salt river.”

*Gent.* “What is there peculiar about it?”

*K.* “I can't fully describe the machinery, but the practical result of it is soon told; you take a live sheep and pitch him into the hopper, then take hold of the handle of a crank and give it a

few turns, when out come four legs of mutton, a leather apron, and two wool hats, all ready for use."

Now I do not indorse the statement of the Kentuckian, yet it is quite as plausible as the invention of a Yankee recently noticed in the newspapers, by which a ship, without any steam, is to be navigated across the Atlantic in three days, and not liable to founder, though there should be a breach in her keel. However that may be, I have no wish to be a passenger on her first voyage, or trial trip. A fast age this, truly, too fast for me; I can hardly keep in sight of it.

We live not only in a fast age, but ours is a fast country. Its history is marvelous. Feeble British colonies, with a population of 3,000,000, have, in little more than two generations, become the wonder of nations—known to all the civilized world as a free and prosperous republic, embracing 25,000,000 of souls. There are yet living men among us, who have been eye-witnesses of the whole process of this wonderful transformation from weakness to strength. They have witnessed more of the world's progress, in less than one century, than Methusalah did in 969 years. And still our country is advancing on a large scale and with increased momentum. A few pioneers lead off into some wilderness territory, in pursuit of game or land for settlement, and in a few years that territory becomes a sister state, added into the mighty confederation, with all the elements of strength and prosperity—all the means of civil and social happiness. The wilderness becomes a populous and cultivated district. Forest-trees, shanties, and commodious dwellings exchange positions in quick succession; the bridle-path is superseded by the macadamized pike, and then the pike by the railroad; the brush arbor is removed to make way for the steepled court-house; the log meeting-house is exchanged for the spacious church, and the site of the hunter's lodge becomes the site of the university. The pioneer's hut becomes the center of a fresh hamlet, the hamlet soon grows to be a large and flourishing village, which, in a few years, becomes a commercial city, where fortunes, like Jonah's gourd, spring up in a night and perish in a day, or, at least, exchange hands about every new moon. Ventures make merchants, though generally broken ones. But make or break, every thing must move by double quick time. The merchant, who formerly consumed weeks in reaching the eastern market, now takes his breakfast at home in Cincinnati and next day dines in New York. The tour of Europe is now performed by our neighbors in less time than

was formerly required for them to ship their produce to New Orleans and return home. Surely ours is a fast country.

Americans are a fast people, quite as much so as any other people, and perhaps a little faster; and if they were all fast in the right direction, they would outstrip all the world and the rest of mankind. It is unfortunate for us, however, that while some are making commendable efforts to be useful, others are but too fast in the opposite direction. There are nearly all sorts of fast people among us, especially in the practice of folly and wickedness. Vagabond musicians, who can convene people enough to fill our largest halls, and sing money out of their pockets by thousands and tens of thousands, are fast. Professional impostors, who can humbug multitudes with baby-shows, to augment their own funds, and yet pass off themselves as public benefactors, are fast. A swindler, who can found a bank without capital, gull a whole community of honest citizens, obtain all their hard-earned cash on deposit for safe-keeping, and then, gathering all up at midnight into a carpet sack, make a bee-line for the north star, and get off with his portable plunder, is fast. Young men who drive buggies through the city, nearly every day, at the speed of twelve miles an hour, and at the risk of knocking down women and children, are fast. Clerks who pass their evenings in fashionable dissipation, spending all they earn and more, too, are fast. Demagogues, who make hobbies and ride them rough-shod over the heads of the people into office, are fast; and "treasury-eaters," who fob the public money by the pocket full, destroy the books and leave the people to help themselves, and yet escape with impunity, are fast. Beside all these we have a very hopeful class of juniors coming on. Little misses, who aspire to a position in fashionable society and talk about beaux, before they are weaned from their childish propensity for dolls and candy, are fast. Boys, but little higher than the yard-stick, with cigars in their mouths and pistols in their hands, talking of valorous exploits achieved or in prospect, are fast. Juvenile rogues and youthful villains, who are inducted at the watch-house, promoted to the house of refuge, take a turn with the chain-gang, and graduate in the penitentiary before they are twenty-one years old, are fast. Young females, who assume the character of wandering lecturers, to defend woman's rights, are fast. Self-constituted tribunals, that administer capital punishment in a summary way, without trial, judge, or jury, are fast. Very fast people these Americans, whether native-born or

adopted. They come into the world fast, live fast while in it, and are fast getting themselves and each other out of it, while pestilence, war, and mob violence are aiding them in their work of premature death.

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OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

WHEN, in the year 1832, the writer entered our itinerancy, the Ohio conference, although it extended from the Alleghany Mountains to the southern shore of Lake Superior, and embraced the Kanawha valley in Virginia, the greater part of the state of Ohio, and the whole of the territory of Michigan, had no literary institution within its bounds. It held, however, a partial interest in Augusta College, which, at that time, was struggling hard to prolong a troubled but not inglorious life. Soon after this the Norwalk Seminary for both sexes, and the Worthington Seminary for young ladies, sprang simultaneously into being; and sustaining themselves, asked and received of the conference little but recognition, visitation, and patronage.

In the year 1841 the Rev. Adam Poe—then stationed at Delaware—addressed letters to several of his brethren of the North Ohio conference, stating that the "White Sulphur Spring property," adjoining that village, and consisting of a mansion and beautiful grounds, tastefully laid out with graveled walks and appropriate shade-trees and shrubbery, was in market; and that the people of Delaware, if encouraged, would purchase it, and present it to the Methodist Episcopal Church, on condition that she would establish thereon a seminary or academy. One of his friends responded, that the location—so central, so accessible, so healthful—was suitable for a *college* or *university*, and that, if the Ohio conference would unite with the North Ohio, such an institution could be organized, endowed, and well sustained. The hint was taken, the citizens purchased the property—conditionally—and appointed a committee to confer with the conferences. The North Ohio conference proposed to the Ohio to become a partner with her in the enterprise, and appointed commissioners authorized to co-operate with her in case she did. The latter wisely took the precaution of sending a committee to view the property before she resolved to accede. This committee consisted of Drs. Elliott and Strickland, and others; their report was favorable, and, having been ably sustained by the Chairman, was, with considerable unanimity, adopted. A com-

mission was appointed with power to negotiate, in conjunction with a similar commission of the North Ohio conference, a transfer of the property. The joint commission, consisting of Revs. Jacob Young, C. Elliott, J. M. Trimble, and E. W. Sehon, of the Ohio conference; and J. H. Power, Adam Poe, E. Thomson, W. S. Morrow, and James Brewster, of the North Ohio conference, met October 13, 1841, and exchanged the necessary papers. They also purchased some adjoining ground at a cost of \$5,500. In March, 1842, a charter was obtained incorporating the "Trustees of the Ohio Wesleyan University," and securing the institution to the Methodist Episcopal Church by giving perpetuating and visitorial powers to the patronizing conferences. The Board met at Hamilton, O., on the 1st of October, 1842; and having organized by electing Ex-Governor Trimble President, and G. B. Arnold, Esq., Secretary, authorized the establishment of a preparatory school, and elected Dr. E. Thomson President of the University, and Rev. Solomon Howard Principal of the Preparatory Department. The former did not, however, enter upon duty till June, 1846.

The efforts of the preachers to raise means for the payment of the debt were protracted and painful. It was *hoped* that an average of twelve and a half cents per member could be obtained by the preachers, but our success by no means justified our expectations; year after year the debt hung over us, accumulating by interest. The sum necessary to cancel it was never fully raised, a balance having been paid after the lapse of several years by money borrowed from the endowment fund.

At the next meeting of the Board—October, 1843—it was resolved to sell scholarships on the following terms; namely, five years for one hundred dollars; fifteen years for two hundred dollars; in perpetuity for five hundred dollars. Agents were appointed by the conferences this year, both to collect money and to sell scholarships.

At the third meeting—September, 1844—Rev. H. M. Johnson was appointed Professor of Ancient Languages; Rev. Solomon Howard, Professor of Mathematics; Mr. (now Professor) William G. Williams, Principal of the Preparatory Department; and Mr. Enoch Dial, assistant. The number of scholarships sold by the agents during the year preceding was encouraging, and several donations were obtained, among which was one from Jedediah Allen in land, estimated at ten thousand dollars.

The school, as well under the management

of Mr. (now Dr.) Howard as under that of his successor, Professor (now Dr.) Johnson, continued to make steady progress and win golden opinions. In 1845, Mr. Howard having resigned, Professor (now Dr.) McCabe was elected to the vacant place. Professor F. Merrick was elected to the chair of Natural Sciences, but in 1852 was transferred to that of Biblical Literature, and was succeeded by Rev. Wm. L. Harris.

In the fall of 1848 the institution was found to be in danger; most of the pupils came on scholarships, but the interest on the notes given for them was not punctually paid; many of the makers of these notes were deceased, others had failed, others removed to parts unknown, while the interest on the whole amount sold, if punctually paid, would not have sustained the institution. What was to be done? We had no hope of raising an endowment by donations. We could not much increase our fund by the sale of scholarships on our former plan; for it presented no motive to the purchaser except one of benevolence toward the institution, and this was too small to be appreciated by the liberal, and too large to be effective with the penurious.

We determined, therefore, to sell scholarships on the following terms: three years for fifteen dollars; four, for twenty; six, for twenty-five; and eight, for thirty. The plan worked admirably. But we have not space for historical details.

In 1849, in order to classify our irregular students, and encourage them to continue longer in the institution, the Board organized a Scientific and also a Biblical department.

A few figures and facts will make our progress, since the full organization of the Faculty, apparent.

I. *Alumni.* In 1846 we graduated 1; 1847, 2; 1848, 9; 1849, 9; 1850, 6 regular or Classical course, 5 Biblical, 3 Scientific; 1851, 5 Classical, 3 Biblical, 1 Scientific; 1852, 6 Classical, 8 Biblical, 14 Scientific; 1853, 11 Classical, 1 Biblical, 6 Scientific; 1854, 6 Classical, 6 Biblical, 16 Scientific; 1855, 12 Classical, 1 Biblical, 5 Scientific. It should be observed that many of the regular course pursued also the Biblical. The falling off this year in the Scientific course may be accounted for by the organization last year of a Normal department.

II. *Number of pupils.* In 1846, 162; 1847, 172; 1848, 192; 1849, 180; 1850, 257; 1851, 506; 1852, 592; 1853, 530; 1854, 594; 1855, 511.

III. *Buildings.* In 1849 our mansion-house was repaired at an expense of \$1,200; in 1852 our Chapel was built at a cost of \$18,000; in

1855 our Library was built at a cost of from \$15,000 to \$20,000. We are also building Morris Hall—a brick building for dormitories, which is not exhibited in the engraving.

IV. *Library.* In 1846 our books were but few and of little value; now, through the liberality of Mr. W. Sturgess, of Putnam, it has become very valuable, consisting, in addition to our former catalogue, of a choice selection of English and continental works, classical, philosophical, scientific, and historical, to which we are still adding.

In 1846 our permanent fund was estimated at \$45,000, most of which consisted in scholarship notes uncollected, and in great part *uncollectible*; on only a small proportion of the whole was the interest paid. Now our permanent fund may be safely estimated at \$110,000. Our present annual income is \$9,506.40.

With the exception of a small sum due for buildings, which we expect to secure before the Library shall have been appropriated, and a sum which was borrowed from the permanent fund to meet the early indebtedness of the University, which theoretically is considered a debt, we are *free from debt*.

As we are made a legatee in several wills, some of which have been admitted to probate, we may, I think, safely estimate our property at \$200,000.

Turn now, reader, to the engraving.

V. *Buildings.* The central building is the Chapel. It is eighty-eight feet by fifty-five, and consists of two stories and a basement. The last, which is nine feet high, is devoted *chiefly* to the Professor of Natural Sciences, and is furnished with conveniences for laboratory, museum, etc. The first story—eleven and a half feet high—is devoted *chiefly* to the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and is supplied with all necessary apparatus, which is arranged in suitable apartments and preserved in glazed cases. The third story is the chapel proper, a beautiful room, seventy-one feet by fifty—exclusive of the vestibule—and twenty-three feet high, with an orchestra of ten feet at one extremity and a platform at the other, the latter being the whole width of the room, and furnished with a neat mahogany desk, but not in the form of a pulpit. The walls, which are very substantial, are of stone up to the chapel floor; above of brick; the style is Grecian Doric.

The building north is sixty-two feet by fifty-two, in the same style and of the same height. It has three stories and a basement. This is the old building or mansion. It is a frame, ceiled

externally with pine. In the center is an elliptic staircase from the basement to the attic. It is occupied for private rooms of professors and recitations.

The building on the south side is the Sturges Library. It is three stories and a basement—the last of which is stone, the remainder brick. It is fifty-two feet by sixty-six, and is in height and style the same as the others. The basement and first story are elegantly fitted up for society halls and society libraries. The two upper stories are devoted to the college library, but they are thrown into one—galleries being substituted for the upper floor. This room is pure Grecian Ionic. It is sixty-one feet by fifty-one; twenty-three feet high. From the ceiling rises a dome upon a square base. It is lighted by eight windows of ornamented glass. Below the galleries are ten alcoves, five on each side; between them runs a hall twenty-three feet wide, terminated at each end by an ornamental window sixteen and a half feet high by seven wide, surrounded by a rich molding; the sash being divided into three parts by mullions. The Chapel and Library were superintended by Mr. Morris Cadwallader, and reflects great credit upon his skill and taste as an architect.

**VI. Faculty.** The present one consists of E. Thomson, President, and Professor of Belles-Lettres; Rev. F. Merrick, A. M., Professor of Biblical Literature and Moral Science; Rev. L. D. McCabe, D. D., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; William G. Williams, A. M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages and Literature; Rev. W. L. Harris, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; Mr. John Ogden, Principal of Normal Department; Samuel Williams, A. M., Tutor in Languages; T. C. O'Kane, A. M., Tutor in Mathematics.

It should be borne in mind, that, while we have been gathering our influence and property, and extending our usefulness, the conferences in Ohio have been directing their attention—whether wisely or not, I do not say—to other institutions as well as ourselves. We have at present within the bounds of the Ohio and North Ohio conferences six colleges under Methodist patronage, not to mention seminaries and high schools. We certainly should not be accused of neglecting the interests of education.

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WHEN the flail of affliction is upon me, let me not be the chaff that flies in thy face, but let me be the corn that lies at thy feet.—*Henry.*

### MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

BY BEN CASSEDAY.

THERE is little in the mere biography of Mrs. Welby which distinguishes her from the rest of her sex. Her life was passed placidly and quietly in the performance of those duties which belonged to her station. She was born on the 3d of February, 1819, at St. Michael's, in Maryland, a small village on Miles river, an arm of Chesapeake Bay, whence she was removed when an infant to Baltimore. She resided in or near that city till 1834, when she removed to Louisville, Ky. It was at this latter place that her poetic genius first became known to the public, and there she died. It is quite probable that she had written previous to this time, but none of those earlier poems have been preserved. The history of her life does not furnish any clew to her genius. Her education was not thorough, her mind was not disciplined by study, nor was her reading at all extensive; yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, her poetry is perfect in rhythm and harmony, and is never blemished by any fault either of rhetoric or of grammar. In the most impermissible part of her earlier life she was surrounded by a great deal that was grand and beautiful in nature, and most of her poetic images refer to those surroundings. Her first publication was in 1837, she being then hardly eighteen years old. It was printed in the Louisville Journal, of which paper George D. Prentice was and is the editor. This accomplished gentleman, himself a poet of admirable ability, took great pains to develop her poetic faculty and to procure for her a fair hearing before the public. She had, however, very little need of any adventitious aids to establish her in the highest favor with her readers. From her earliest appearance before the public, the sweetness and naturalness of her melodies caught every ear and warmed every heart. They reached all the better feelings of her readers because they so evidently flowed fresh from her own. Her poetry was the result of a pure *afflatus*, and had never been measured by the frigid rules of art. She sang because it was given her to sing; her melodies were like the voices of the birds—they were the simple outgushing of her own pure nature. She did not reach the higher forms of art, nor did she attempt them. Her song was a simple measure, learned of the trill of the brooklet, of the rustle of the leaves, or of the deep and solemn murmur of the ocean. It is not asserted that Mrs. Welby's poetry is faultless, but there is in it that natural charm of innocence

and grace which is known to but few writers. Mr. Poe said of her, in one of his peculiar criticisms, that "she had nearly all the imagination of *Maria del Occidente*, with more refined taste; and nearly all the passion of *Mrs. Norton*, with a nicer ear, and, what is surprising, equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her," he adds, "in the true poetic qualities. As for our *poetesses*, few of them approach her." This is high praise, and, though perhaps somewhat overstrained, is not entirely unmerited. Her imagination and refinement of taste are, perhaps, her most prominent qualities, and her nicely of ear was none the less remarkable in view of the fact that it had never been cultivated by the study of any model.

Mrs. Welby's poetry grew more rapidly into public favor, and found admiration and appreciation among a larger number of people than that of any author within our knowledge. Hardly had her fingers touched the lyre ere her strains were caught up by melody-lovers throughout the Union, and sung in every peopled valley and echoed from every sunny hill-side of our vast domain. Her poetry was of a character that could not fail to reach every heart. It was natural, free from all morbidity; full of grace, of delicacy, and of elegance. While it did not reach beyond the comprehension and the sympathy of the humblest individual, while her range of subjects was confined to the "every-dayness of this work-day world," yet her treatment of them was so absolutely poetic, and withal so naive and original, as to excite the admiration of the most cultivated and refined.

The first collected edition of her poems was published at Boston in 1845, and, although a large number of copies were embraced in it, it was readily disposed of within a very few months, and the demand for the work was still unabated. In less than twelve months after the issue of her volume, overtures were made to Mrs. Welby by some of the best publishers in the country for a new edition. The Appletons were the successful competitors for the prize, and in 1846 they published a second edition. Since that time edition after edition has been issued, till already fourteen editions have appeared and found ready sale, and the demand for the volume is by no means exhausted.

Few American writers either of prose or poetry have met with a success equal to this, and very few have found admirers in as many different circles of society as has *Amelia Welby*. The secret of all this is well explained by *Rufus Griswold* in one of his notices of this lady. He

says, "Her fancy is lively, discriminating, and informed by a minute and intelligent observation of nature, and she has introduced into poetry some new and beautiful imagery. No painful experience has tried her heart's full energies; but her feelings are natural and genuine; and we are sure of the presence of a womanly spirit, reverencing the sanctities and immunities of life, and sympathizing with whatever addresses the senses of beauty." Mrs. Welby's brilliant success as an author has led many young ladies in the west to emulate her example; and while here and there is found one who displays talent and capacity, none have as yet compassed any thing like equal popularity, and very few, indeed, have been found equally deserving.

In person Mrs. Welby was rather above than below the middle height. Slender and exceedingly graceful in form, with exquisite taste in dress, and a certain easy, floating sort of movement, she would at once be recognized as a beautiful woman. A slight imperfection in the upper lip, while it prevented her face from being perfect, yet gave a peculiar piquancy to its expression which was far from destroying any of its charm. Her hair was exquisitely beautiful, and was always arranged, regardless of the prevailing fashion, with singular elegance and adaptation to her face and figure. Her manners were simple, natural, and impulsive, like those of a child. Her conversation, though sometimes frivolous, was always charming. She loved to give the rein to her fancy, to invent situations and circumstances for herself and her friends, and to talk of them as if they were realities. Her social life was full of innocent gayety and playfulness. She was the idol of her friends, and she repaid their affection with her whole heart. Her character was as beautiful as her manners were simple. Courted and flattered as she was, she was, perhaps, a little willful, and sometimes even obstinate, but an appeal to her affections always softened and won her. Her willfulness was that of a wayward, petted child, and had a charm even in its most positive exhibitions.

Mrs. Welby's maiden name was *COPFLICK*. She was married in June, 1838, to Mr. George Welby, a large merchant of Louisville, and a gentleman entirely worthy to be the husband of the woman and the poetess. She had but one child, a boy, who was born but two months before her death. She died on the 3d of May, 1852, in her thirty-third year.

Her prose writings consist only of her correspondence. Her letters and notes, however, sometimes assumed the form of compositions or

sketches. The following is an illustration of the style of many of them. She had been visited at her residence by a party of gay masqueraders, among whom was a very intimate friend costumed as a Turk, and bearing the euphonious soubriquet of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen. On the day after this visit, Mrs. Welby received from this pseudo Pashaw a note of farewell written in the redundant style of the Orientals, to which the following is her answer:

"Although a stranger to the graceful style of Oriental greeting, Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, would send to Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen, ere he departs from the midst of her people, a few words in token of farewell, and also in acknowledgment of the flowery epistle sent by the gallant Ben Khorassen to the 'Bulbul of the Giaour Land,' as he is pleased, in the poetical language of his country, to designate the humblest of his admirers! Like the sudden splendor of a dazzling meteor, gleaming before the delighted eye of the startled gazer, was the brief sojourn of the noble Ben Khorassen in the presence of the happy 'Bulbul.' He came before her uniting in his aspect the majesty of a god of old with the mien of a mortal—graceful in his step, winning in his words, yet 'terrible as an army with banners.' The song of the 'Bulbul' was hushed; the words of greeting died upon her lip. But now that the mightiest of the mighty has withdrawn from her dazzled gaze the glory of his overpowering presence, the trembling 'Bulbul' lifts her head once more like a drooping flower oppressed by the too powerful rays of the noon tide sun; and in the midst of the gloom that overshadows her, recalls to mind every word and look of the gallant Ben Khorassen, till her thoughts of him arise like stars upon the horizon of her memory, lighting up the gloom of his absence, and glittering upon the waters of the fountain of her heart, whose every murmur is attuned to the music of his memory.

"But the bark of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen floats upon the waters with her white wings spread for the clime of the crescent. Her brilliant pennon streams from the strand, and the words of the 'Bulbul' must falter into a farewell. May the favoring gales of paradise, fragrant as the breath of houris, fill the silken sails of Ben Khorassen, and waft him onward to his native groves of citron and of myrtle, waking thoughts in his bosom fresh and fragrant as the flowers that cluster in his clime! Thus prays Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, and the 'Bulbul' of the Giaour Land! Farewell!"

This exceedingly graceful and tasteful little

note is but a single specimen of a sort of composition with which Mrs. Welby delighted to indulge her intimate friends. Indeed, during the last few years of her life, these notes and letters formed the only means through which her beautiful fancies were conveyed. She had ceased almost entirely to write verses, and a change was coming over her mind. Her genius was seeking some new form of development. Before, however, her friends could see even the foreshadowings of this new form, this accomplished poetess and estimable woman was called away to join her voice with the angelic choir, whose harmonies are the delight and the glory of the celestial world. On a bright May morning, such as her own songs have taught us to love, when the earth was redolent of beauty, and the flowers were sending up to heaven the incense of their perfumes; when all rejoicing nature was pouring out its morning orison to its Creator, the angels sent by her heavenly Father came and bore her spirit to its home in the skies. And so

"She has passed, like a bird, from the minstrel throng,  
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong!"

The following lines, written by Amelia on the death of a sister poetess, will form a fitting conclusion to this hasty sketch, and a fitting tribute to her own memory:

"She has passed, like a bird, from the minstrel throng,  
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong!  
Her place is hush'd by her lover's side,  
Yet his heart is full of his fair young bride;  
The hopes of his spirit are crushed and bowed  
As he thinks of his love in her long white shroud;  
For the fragrant sighs of her perfumed breath  
Were kissed from her lips by his rival—Death.  
  
Cold is her bosom, her thin white arms  
All mutely crossed o'er its icy charms,  
As she lies, like a statue of Grecian art,  
With a marbled brow and a cold hushed heart;  
Her locks are bright, but their gloss is hid;  
Her eye is sunk 'neath its waxen lid:  
And thus she lies in her narrow hall—  
Our fair young minstrel—the loved of all.  
  
Light as a bird's were her springing feet,  
Her heart as joyous, her song as sweet;  
Yet never again shall that heart be stirred  
With its glad wild songs like a singing bird:  
Ne'er again shall the strains be sung,  
That in sweetness dropped from her silver tongue;  
The music is o'er, and Death's cold dart  
Hath broken the spell of that free, glad heart.  
  
Often at eve, when the breeze is still,  
And the moon floats up by the distant hill,  
As I wander alone 'mid the summer bowers,  
And wreath my locks with the sweet wild flowers,  
I will think of the time when she lingered there,  
With her mild blue eyes, and her long fair hair;  
I will treasure her name in my bosom-core:  
But my heart is sad—I can sing no more."

## GIANTS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

OF the many things that excite our wonder, there is, perhaps, nothing which is more marvelous than the varieties of mankind. Assuming, as we are warranted in doing by the word of God and the researches of the best ethnologists, that the human species is one, it is easy to divide it, as some have done, according to color, into black, white, copper color, and tawny; or, with Blumenbach and Pritchard, into the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, Malay, and North American Indians, and call these the great varieties of the species; but these, or any other divisions, give but a faint idea of the diversity of mankind in a world of ten hundred million people, where no two faces are alike, where no two bodies have been cast in the same mold, and no two souls develop the same faculties in the same proportion.

It is not, however, the ordinary so much as the extraordinary, that has hitherto attracted the attention of mankind; and hence all early writers have filled their books with stories of monsters and prodigies of various kinds, and among them with accounts of giants and pygmies of the most extraordinary description. It would almost appear as if there were a natural tendency of mankind to romance in a certain state of their intellectual development, and hence all early travelers see wonders which are robbed of their proportions by those who come after them. Those who first visited America saw many things which have greatly diminished in later times. As an instance of this, Garcilasso de la Vega, in his history of Peru, says that a company of giants came there in a boat, so tall that the natives could only reach their knees; that their eyes were as broad as the bottom of a plate, and their limbs proportionably large: and another writer tells us that he measured several corpses, and found them from fourteen to fifteen feet high. These, however, are only trifles compared with the relations of more ancient writers, such as Homer, Pliny, and others. Here is a specimen from one of the authors of the Targums, Jonathan ben Uzziel—a specimen which may also teach us how much, by their vain traditions, the Jewish rabbis have obscured divine truth:

"Og having observed that the camp of the Israelites extended six miles, he went and tore up a mountain six miles at its base, and put it on his head and carried it toward the camp, that he might throw it on the camp and destroy them; but the word of the Lord prepared a worm, which bored a hole in the mountain over

his head, so that it fell down upon his shoulders; at the same time his teeth grew out in all directions, so that he could not cast it off his head. Moses, who was himself ten cubits high, seeing Og thus entangled, took an ax ten cubits long, and, having leaped ten cubits in height, struck Og on the ankle-bone so that he fell and was slain." See Targum on Numbers xxi, 35, 36. According to this, Og's ankle must have been forty-five feet high; but even this account is surpassed by some others, for in other places of the Targum he is said to have been several miles in height.

Comparative anatomy has enabled us to dispose very summarily of one set of stories in reference to giants, or what has been termed *giants' bones*. Historians inform us that in 1171 the bones of a giant were found in England fifty feet long. The Italian writers, however, have given accounts of still more remarkable skeletons; and if the relics which they describe had belonged to men, Homer's Cyclops would be no fable. An early father also mentions a giant's tooth preserved in a certain church, which was several pounds weight, and conjectures very truly that it must have been an enormous mouth that held a full set of them. Science has enabled us to appropriate those bones to their rightful owners, and assign them to the mastodon and other extinct animals instead of man. Sir Hans Sloane had the vertebrae of a whale, which was dug up in Lincolnshire, sent to him as a portion of a giant's back-bone; but, perceiving it to have been the property of a monster of the deep, the wonder ceased. Thus we have no direct evidence of the existence of that race of stout old gentlemen whom Jack slew, except it be the testimony of those veritable witnesses—the compilers of early history.

Although we may doubt the fabulous dimensions given by the Jewish rabbis and others, still it is impossible to doubt the fact that giants have existed in almost every country. It is, however, plain, from the notices which historians have given of them, that they were always rarities, and that we have no reliable accounts of a *race* of giants ever having existed. Indeed, there are many reasons for believing that the size of the human race, taken in its totality, rather increases than diminishes, and that the relations of historians of gigantic nations of men have originated in the first impressions of small men when brought into the presence of those of superior stature. An instance of this has just occurred. The English Guards who went to Turkey astonished the people there by their great size, so that

the Turk believes the English giaours to be the Anakims. When the Bishi-Bouzouk returns to his native home he will, no doubt, tell his wondering friends that the English are a race of giants, and, having added a foot to them, will greatly astonish the simple rustics. His descendants will add a yard more, so that some future traveler in the mountains of Armenia, unless in the mean time our missionaries there do their enlightening work, will no doubt hear his countrymen described as giants. Numerous cases of this sort of exaggeration are on record, and many strange scraps of history are explained by it.

Giants, as we before remarked, are common to all nations, ancient and modern; but it is probable that there never was a man more than ten feet high. Goliath of Gath was nine feet high, and so also was one of the Roman emperors. A skeleton was dug up at a place near St. Albans, near an urn marked Marcus Antoninus, eight feet high. Dr. Adam Clarke measured a man in Ireland who was eight feet six inches, and we recollect seeing a thigh-bone, which was taken out of a stone coffin found in Devonshire, which indicated a man of eight feet nine inches. There are, indeed, we believe, men now living who are about the same height. From nine to ten feet, therefore, is the extreme which we can credit as the tallest man's attainments; and although there are, in profane history, a few seemingly authentic instances of men exceeding this stature, our knowledge of the race leads us rather to doubt the measure than believe in the man.

Taking this height, however, as the extreme, there is still a great diversity in the species; for the giant is set off at the other extremity by the dwarf, who is so far below the common standard as to be equally a wonder. The smallest man, perhaps, that ever lived was two feet high; and rising from this we have every conceivable measure up to the giant. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was very fond of a dwarf named Sopaspas, who, according to the Roman historian, was two feet and a handbreadth high. In the Philosophical Transactions two cases are mentioned—one a native of Norfolk, who never weighed more than thirty-four pounds in his life; and of another still more remarkable case in Wales, who, at the age of fifteen, weighed only thirteen pounds, was two feet, seven inches high, and was characterized by all the symptoms of an old man at that age. General Tom Thumb, who has created such a sensation all over Christendom, was one of the most perfect specimens of dwarfs that we know of; but it is highly im-

probable that a race so diminutive ever existed. The Esquimaux, near the pole, and the Bushmen—the Gipsies, as they have been called, of the interior of Africa—are the smallest races of men that we are acquainted with, their height seldom exceeding four feet, five inches; and from those to the Patagonians we have all the intermediate varieties.

So much has been said about the Patagonians, that the judgment of one who lived among them for a time in close captivity may be acceptable. It does not follow, however, that his, or any other description, applies to the whole of the Patagonians, as the author may have seen only a particular tribe; and this suggestion will, perhaps, explain many discrepancies in the works of those who have written about them. Captain Bourne says: "In person they are large; on first sight they appear absolutely gigantic. They are taller than any other race I have seen, though it is impossible to give any accurate description. The only standard of measurement I had was my own height, which is about five feet, ten inches. I could stand very easily under the arms of many of them, and all the men were at least a head taller than myself; their average height I should think is nearly six and a half feet, and there were specimens that could have been little less than seven feet high. They have broad shoulders, full and well-developed chests, frames muscular and finely proportioned; the whole figure and air making an impression like that which the first view of the sons of Anak is recorded to have produced on the children of Israel. They exhibit enormous strength whenever they are sufficiently aroused to shake off their constitutional laziness and exert it." (Giants of Patagonia.)

Such are the giants of the old Spanish historians as seen by modern navigators. There are, however, other proofs of the enormous stature of the race, which at once set the question at rest; such as the bodies which have been disinterred, and the armor which has been worn by people in various ages and countries. There are bodies, principally mummies from Egypt, which are at least three thousand years old. Since the time when these people lived, not only scores of generations, but whole races of men have been born, lived, and died; and still the mummies, as they lie before us, are, we believe, in no case larger than the same class of people which they represent among us at the present day. The same observation applies also to the armor which has been dug out of tumuli and ancient graves. Poets and historians have

represented their heroes as men of enormous size and strength. Homer speaks of the men who fought at Troy as hurling stones at each other, that twenty men of these degenerate days could scarcely lift; but when we examine the armor of those redoubtable warriors, we are convinced that it could hardly be worn by the English Life Guards spoken of. This is found to be the case with the armor of the knights who won such renown by their prowess in the crusades and tournaments of England. They were very terrible, no doubt, to the monks and unarmed peasantry, but even in point of physical strength were in no way superior to the present generation of Englishmen.

Upon the whole, then, we conclude that giants have always been rarities, that there never was a *race* of giants, and that the common stature of mankind has remained much the same ever since the Flood—the Patagonians being as large, and the Esquimaux and the Bushmen as small, as any *races* of men that ever lived.—*London Leisure Hour.*

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#### SCENES IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

HISTORY scarcely presents us with scenes so diversified with horror, or so fraught with tragic interest, as those which mark the period of the great French Revolution. While we peruse the records of this fearful era, we are inclined to ask to what remote and savage nation and period they refer; yet the nation is that whose territory is nearest our own on the globe's surface, being only on "the other side of the water;" and the period is so recent as to be within the memory of many who are now living. Fully told the dread tale will never be. Its leading incidents are familiar to us from our cradles, yet fresh reminiscences are ever coming forth; the new often surpassing the old; nor can we wonder that such a narrative should *live* and *burn* on history's page. The worst passions of our depraved nature seem here wrought into a moral frenzy; men are transformed into demons; and their fell swoop of crime inspires the thought, that some malign and mighty influence must have been permitted for an appointed season to work its will, and to incite those wretched beings to scatter and scourge the land.

Some of the first writers of the present age have directed their studious efforts to the tracing out of this gloomy story. They have explored this region of the shadow of death, and have brought to light facts and incidents which harrow

up the soul. Led by them, we may follow out the intricacies of the labyrinth, and, as it were, witness the pulling down, and the building up of creeds and systems, the dire career of fierce and guilty spirits, who, having grasped for a brief space the ensigns of power, and stained them with deeds of blood and crime, were struck down by those who followed in the same dark course. Truly the history of that period is like the roll of the prophet, "filled with lamentation, and mourning, and woe." The nation seemed left to itself, openly renouncing and defying the authority of the Almighty; its history points a solemn warning to mankind, showing the impotence and wretchedness of all, whether nations or individuals, whom God abandons to their own devices. The leaders of this mighty convulsion seem all alike to have been actuated by principles as monstrously false as they were sanguinary and destructive; and the scenes of violence constantly taking place, exhibit a state of society in which the common virtues of humanity, and even the mere exterior of virtue, were blasted beneath the pestilence which swept the land. The only stars of this stormy night were the victims; and among them there are, indeed, to be found instances of heroism and noble courage, both to do and suffer.

The following anecdotes were related by an eye-witness, an aged man, who remembers with vivid emotion these experiences of his early days. He was of a respectable family in Bretagne, one of the western provinces of France. It lies close to La Vendee, the Loire forming the boundary between the two provinces; and though the Bretons were not, as a body, united with the Vendees in their noble enterprise, they were loyal, and many were mingled in the ranks of the Vendean army. Bretagne having been once an independent duchy, there were in it at the time of the Revolution many old and high families, who took the loyal side, and were the objects of revolutionary hatred. The narrator of the anecdote was one of this class; he and his brothers joined the Vendean troops, in which two fell victims—one in battle, the other in a way more appalling. It happened that after an action in which the Vendees were victorious, the insurgent prisoners were tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to death. Among them was a young man who had been servant in M. le Peltier's family. This officer interceded in behalf of his old domestic, and obtained his life. In the fluctuating progress of the loyalist party, it fell out, not many months afterward, that a party of revolutionists surrounded and sacked the house of

the same family, and among the assailants was seen the miscreant whose life had been rescued through M. le Peltier's generosity. There was an overpowering force, and all that the unfortunate victims could do was to escape with their lives. As the narrator of the tale was flying, he saw from a distance the man who had been saved in the act of singling out his brother; the next moment he saw him shoot him, after which, with the fiend-like savagery of the period, he beat out his brains with his own hands. The agonized feelings of the poor man, who was too far off to render aid, may be conceived; nor can we wonder that under such excitement he resolved to avenge his brother's blood, should the murderer ever cross his path. Strange to say, not very long afterward, he met the man alone, in a retired country path; the thought rushed up in his mind, "Now is the moment granted." He seized the man by the collar, and said, "Your last hour is come;" but as the old soldier now says, "*une pensee de ciel*," seemed to whisper in his heart, and after sternly reminding his victim of the past, and of what he then could do, he let him go. But here comes the catastrophe of the story, in which the hand of Almighty retribution, the unquenchable fire lighting its livid flame even in this life, is surely seen. In a few months the same man, without any bodily injury, or cause that could be traced, went raving mad. Nothing could be done for him, and, an object of terror and loathing to all, he was put to death in the lawlessness of that period like a wild beast. Such an incident would seem to remind us, that even in seasons when His government is defied, "Verily, there is a God that judgeth the earth."

Another incident, worthy of being recorded, occurred in La Vendee, and in the personal recollection of the gentleman who related that which has just been given.

A relation of Carrier, one of the well-known republican generals in La Vendee, was passing with a party of his troops a church where the congregation were assembled. He stopped, ordered his men to wait till they dispersed, and then to shoot all the handsome individuals among them. So brutalized and callous to the feelings of our common nature were many of the leading revolutionists, that a spirit of sport and *pleasanterie* may often be observed in their acts of wanton cruelty. In this instance, however, a judgment soon followed, the specific character of which seemed to have a peculiar reference to the awful crime which appeared to have brought it down; the wretched man who had commanded this outrageous act died not long afterward of a dis-

ease similar to that which carried off Charles IX, of execrable memory. Blood issued from the pores of the skin, as if emblematic of the sanguinary deluge which he had caused to flow.

The above are small items in the sum of horrors, which the days of the first French Revolution disclosed. The old gentleman who related them added, "When I hear of the good of revolutions; that they are to uproot evil, and regenerate society; I shudder at the words, recollecting the miseries which my eyes have seen." It may be hoped, that neither in the country where these scenes occurred, nor in any other, will the like be again enacted. At all events, there is reason to believe that the terrible lesson has inspired some salutary fear in the minds of the rash and fiery people of France. With much energy of character, and with great knowledge and advancement in the liberal arts, they have still the "*tete chaudee*," which rushes into change, and kindles like "fire and tow" on the slightest provocation. To this trait of natural temperament may, perhaps, be attributed those acts of ferocity, that tiger spirit, which certainly estranges from them the feelings of peaceable and sober English people, who, congregated at their own firesides, judge of "the French" from what they read; and which, assuredly, is a dangerous characteristic under any troubled atmosphere.

It is the opinion of most of the more celebrated interpreters of prophecy, that one of the vials of Divine wrath was poured out at the fearful epoch of the great French Revolution; and certainly, if ever the deadly effects of the wrath of God were visible, they were then to be read in characters of blood and fire. And if, during this dark and stormy night, when the law of God was disowned, and his authority publicly disavowed; when his temples were desecrated, and his ministers persecuted and butchered; there were occasionally, as in the instances above related, solemn voices of individual and retributive judgment, showing how puny is the wild rage of man, and how the Almighty hand can crush it in a moment—such occurrences are surely well worthy of careful observation. Those who look at history through the glass of Scripture, who see in it a "Governor of the people," can scarcely fail to perceive in the horrors which, toward the close of the eighteenth century, convulsed France, the retributive judgment of God upon long ages of crime. The blood of his martyred saints had flowed in torrents during the reign of the De Medici line; and we know that such blood doth cry for vengeance "on them that dwell on the earth," however that vengeance

may in infinite wisdom be delayed. Age after age had swelled the tide of national sin, and during the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV the desolating flood swept on. Unlike men in their short-sighted and hasty designs, the Almighty is long-suffering, even after "he hath bent his bow and made it ready." Long had the soul-destroying philosophy of Voltaire, like a deadly blight, cast its withering influence upon all that was good and holy in the land; and still the bolts of Divine vengeance were restrained. At length, however—and who can wonder?—long-continued impieties, appalling wickedness in high places, brought down that storm of righteous wrath, that manifest and almost unparalleled judgment of God, at the recollection of which Europe still trembles. The higher classes were the victims; the judges and executioners an infuriate and demoniacal populace. Among the doomed ones are to be found some truly "noble sufferers," and it is a striking fact that on the other side scarce a redeeming feature is to be found. The moral poison had, indeed, spread through all. Yet it was the higher classes in France, consisting for years either of adherents to a crafty and intolerant priesthood, or of unbelievers, or skeptics of various grades and shades, to whom are to be principally attributed the crying evils of the land. Their oppression of the people was enormous; and at length the people, even to the dregs, rose, and formed the main element in the *bouleversement*, by means of which the higher and educated classes were overwhelmed. Scenes so fearful! show what human nature is when left to its own impulses; and we may be assured that there is only *one* principle which can direct and control it. Can we wonder that when the very being of God was denied, virtue withered in the dust? or that the daring blasphemers of the Divine Majesty should be stained with vices odious and appalling in the eyes of their fellow-men? History is the great commentary on God's word; it elucidates many texts—gives the key to many a parable and metaphor—and, if rightly studied, convinces us, that the God of revelation is, indeed, "the God of all the families of the earth," the "King of kings, and Lord of lords."



From the beginning of the world to the present day, there was never any great villainy acted by men, but it was in the strength of some great fallacy put upon their minds by a false representation of evil for good, or good for evil.

### THE BIRD OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

O, thou bird of strains elysian, girded with celestial light!  
 Glorious boon of the eternal, omnipresence ever bright  
 To the yearning spirit striving for the high and changeless love  
 Welling from the living fountain at the mercy-seat above.  
 Privileged beyond conception is thy mission's gracious plan,  
 Bearing from the Mediator priceless gifts to sinful man,  
 And with glory-beaming vision gazing on the seraph throng,  
 Listening as through vaults of heaven floats the angels' chorus song.  
 When low down in sorrow's valley, with the shadows of the past  
 Looming up like frightened specters, all the future skies o'ercast;  
 With no glowing ray of sunlight peering through the cheerless gloom;  
 No sweet star of resurrection beaming on the dreary tomb;  
 And the earth-born, weary mortal, weary of the soul's deep strife,  
 Hungers for the food that cometh from the fields of endless life;  
 Sinking 'neath sin's dark pollution, reaching up with ceaseless prayer,  
 For the white and stainless garments which the Savior's children wear;  
 Then above that soul thou hov'rest, dropping fragrant dews of Eden,  
 And thy downy plumage, gleaming with the dazzling rays of heaven,  
 Lighteth up a bow of promise, bidding storm and tempest cease,  
 And upon the troubled bosom lays the olive branch of peace.  
 Thrilling with the notes of pardon, on thy pinions high he soars,  
 To the realms of sunless splendor, viewing the ambrosial shores,  
 Gazing on life's flowing river, winding through that better land,  
 While upon his heart falls sweetly anthems of the ransom'd band.  
 Thus, O FAITH! thy bright revealings gild the Christian's toilsome way;  
 Thou wilt bear him safely upward to the golden gates of day;  
 And when God may bid him enter, thy sweet song shall ope the door,  
 And thy name will be *fruition* to the pilgrim evermore.

## LOST AND FOUND.

BY ALICE CARY.

A N old man and a little boy about five years old were riding together in a common wagon, the tail-board of which had been removed for the convenience of drawing home wood. It was near the close of an April day, and tall, fantastic shadows moved quietly on before the horses that were well used to work, and themselves moved soberly enough. So high and so fantastic went the shadows, now along green sward, now along a patch of dusty road, and now along sward divided simply by a path of dust, and now over the moist leafy ground of the woods, that the little boy in the wagon stood delightedly up to watch them as they went, though he tottered one way and the other, and sometimes fell quite down as the wagon jolted over some rougher ground than the rest. Near the horses, his head for the most part drooping seriously thoughtful, and the reins held carelessly in his toil-hardened and sun-browned hands, sat the old man, quite forgetful of his little companion. Now the wheel crushed through a fragrant bed of the ground ivy; and now the hoofs of the horses struck through mimic forests of the spotted-leaved and golden-flowered adder's tongue, and the odorous and white-blossoming May-apple, while many other nameless wild things were broken and ground into sweet incenses as the rustic team, preceded by its shadow-horses, moved deeper and deeper into the woods. The old man was quite oblivious to shadows and flowers; he was thinking of his son Nathan, and whether the bright brown hair he had smoothed that morning might not then be dabbled with blood, or trodden under foot of the well-fed and well-equipped troops, who the last midnight had slipped across the waters of the Charles river, under the command of Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, and were, at the last accounts, marching unharmed and unimpeded toward Concord, having left behind them eight patriots dead, near the old meeting-house in Lexington. He was thinking of their disciplined usage of death-dealing armor, and of the old musket Nathan handled so clumsily, and how he looked, poor boy! as he mounted the rough-coated, three-year old colt, that till that morning had done little except browse the meadows and the beech-buds, or switch the flies.

The little boy was, perhaps, wondering meantime what made his grandfather's hair so white, and why he sat so still as they rode along, when he could hardly keep from prattling and shouting

aloud all the time. Now a squirrel peeped at him from some branch that stretched across the wagon track a little above his head; now a rabbit leaped from its leafy burrow and scampered out of sight; and now a shy wild bird rustled out of the leaves, and went whirring away with a quick, frightened call, half song and half cry; and here and there the surface of some pool or brook twinkled and glittered like a thousand stars. Perhaps to catch another glimpse of some sheet of fire that was already burning slowly into darkness; perhaps to see once more the shining head of some wood-bird that had pushed the thick leaves apart as they went by, he stepped back, and back—one step too far! Down into a narrow, deep hollow jolted the wagon, and in a moment the horses had climbed the opposite and almost perpendicular bank, and were trotting forward—their high fantastic shadows before them no longer. Away on the tops of the distant hills the sunset light was yet shining, but in the thick woods all was shadow.

"Poor boy, poor boy!" sighed the old man, "with what a soldier's heart he went away from us to-day—the old musket balanced across the neck of his three-year old, and his pockets full of bright new bullets, some of them yet hot from the mold! Poor boy!" sighed the old man; "but perhaps he will fight as well as they who have epaulets on their shoulders and a sword in their belt;" for to the father's eyes Nathan looked as handsome and as brave in his homespun coat and straw-hat as the gayest cockade could have made him look. And yet when he thought of the glittering uniforms of the British soldiers and of the simple rustic dress of his son, he could not but sigh, "Poor Nathan!" And for a moment nothing in the world seemed to him so hateful as a red-coat. Not the Indian's dreadful tomahawk, nor the fearful glitter of his snaky eyes, were just then so terrible or so abhorrent to him.

The memory of the Indians, however, turned his thoughts from one peril to another. Some sly fellow of his tribe might be lurking behind underbrush or tree trunk, one aim of whose arrow at his breast would leave the little darling at their mercy—leave him to be scalped for their pastime and flung to the wolves, or, at best, be made the slave of any and every cruel caprice. "Or if," thought the grandfather, "they should aim at him, sweet innocent! thinking so to wound an old man's heart with aching bitterer than the arrow leaves—O terrible thought! How should I tell his mother! how should I live at all! Here, Natty; come close to me, Natty!" and

he reached back his arm to draw the child toward him.

The old horses reared, one over the neck of the other, at the sudden pulling on the reins, and coming to their feet again looked inquiringly and wonderingly back, for the reins now dangled loose and no guiding hand was to be seen. There was a stirring of the ground leaves and a cracking of limbs about the woods, and a crying and calling of, "Natty, O Natty!" with intervals of silence deep, deep and awful. The grandfather had missed his little darling, and with gray hair streaming on the wind, and with his eyes opened with a terrified stare, was running up and down the woods, and to the same place again and again. When he noticed the little boy last it was in the field but a little way from the cabin-home, and how or where he is gone he can not tell; that he *is* gone, and lost, is all he knows. He must have slid from the wagon accidentally, the old man thinks, and it is likeliest that he has run back home. So leaving wagon and horses where they are in the woods, he takes the nearest direction to the house. The sun is down, and it is quite dusky now, so he can not distinguish substance from shadow always, and stops and strains his aching eyes now and then, half believing he sees the faded frock and torn hat of the little boy; but, no, it was the cruel cheat of something or nothing, and he rushes on again.

The house is full in sight now; the smoke curling thick and blue above the low clapboard roof; for the young wife and mother is busy with preparations for supper, hoping and trying to believe that her husband will presently be home, alive and well, and bringing good news—perhaps that Pitcairn and half his men are dead, and done with fighting. And what, she thinks, if Nathan himself should have struck some good blows for his country—blows to make his little son proud in after years, to be written in history, and to make him as great in the eyes of the world as he is to her! She is thinking more of all this than of the flying shot, and the heavy saber stroke, and the black oblivion that buries so many names where they can never, never come up to the light, and never be remembered beyond the little circle of homestead friends; for she can not understand how the full, smiling lips of Nathan should stop their smiling, and lie compressed and pale together, or how his shining brown curls should be dim with dust and powder, and trodden down in the red mire of battle; he is so strong and so brave; O, he could put a thousand to flight, thinks the

good wife, hoping all things, and trusting all things, in spite of the terrible threatening of the day.

In the lane, striped green and gray with dust and grass, stand, in gentle patience, the white cow, and the brindled cow, and the little red cow, with black ears and crumpled horns; and there is Hepsie, Nathan's timid, loving young sister, hurrying with her milking, that she may not be last to welcome back her brother, and hear what news he brings—the red cedar pail, with shining yellow bands, is full, and heaped up with froth, and from the bottom of the tin pail, deep and bell-shaped, music is ringing up. Suddenly the white cow, gentlest of all, wheels quick about, and Hepsie looks up, her heart beating so fast and so loud it almost stifles her. She almost expects to see the black colt, riderless, and snorting at the gate—foam on his flanks and terror in his bloodshot eyes; and while in her earnest looking she bends forward, the trembling and failing voice of her father calls, "Hepsie! O Hepsie! is little Nattie here?"

"Why, no, father; he went with you. What has happened? I know he went with you, for I myself tied on his hat. Poor, poor little Nattie! O, how did you lose him away from you?"

It seems to the old man for a moment that the earth is sinking from under his feet; the tears run down his cheeks, and his lip quivers with the shaking and trembling of his heart.

"O my child, my child!" cries the young mother, forgetful of every thing beside, "I shall never, never see him again! Why did I not keep him with me! O father, father, what shall we do?"

But the father can only say, "Don't cry, children!" crying all the time himself. And so they go over the house, and to the barn, and to the pen in the corner of the meadow, where the spotted calf and the black calf are eating their milk; saying to one another, "O, what shall we do?" and asking, "Do you see him? do you hear him?" all the time.

There was one dreadful fear in all their hearts that none of them had spoken—some strong-armed Indian had smothered his cries in his blanket, and borne him away, and what more they dare not even think. Yet urged by that hope, which, maddened by despair, clings to the shadow of a straw, they went hurrying here and there, calling and listening, and crying and wringing their hands. "Dont, children! dont', my children!" the tired and troubled old man would say, but his fears were no less terrible, and his sufferings no less miserable than theirs. Twenty times

to one place they went, urged by some hopeless hope—they knew not what. There were no footprints in the sand by the spring, nor in the dust along the lane; no flowers that his hands had broken; no traces of him could be found, as, following the track of the wagon, they went through beds of ivy, and May-apple, and adder's tongue, looking into each other's face to find the courage each soul lacked in itself.

It was almost dark in the deep hollow through which the wagon had jolted so quickly, and they hurried on beyond, where they could see farther. If they had stopped and examined the moist ground, they might have found the tiny tracks of the bare feet, and perhaps have followed them down the hollow, and toward the brook. They went another way, however, just as in all things we are likeliest to go from what we seek; but it made little difference after all, for they would not have found the lost child, no matter in what direction they might have searched.

There were darkness, and silence, and winds—soughing and storm-boding winds—and black clouds rushing and swimming up the sky, joining their ragged edges together, as if trying to shut out the light of the faint and far-away stars.

Torches of pine knots were made, and the search continued till deep into the night, when a torrent of rain came dashing through the tree-tops, drenching the lights, and pitilessly beating on the heads of the weary and agonized mourners of the lost boy.

It was midnight when they came back to where the horses were waiting their master; gladly they neighed, and briskly they trotted as he turned their heads homeward. Hepsie, pale, gentle wood-flower as she was, seemed the strongest of all, and to draw herself up almost to the hight of the heart-breaking sorrow she was called to meet. On her knees lay the head of Margaret, the mother of the lost baby; and one hand caressed her neck, while the other held tight in its steady grasp the shivering, shaking fingers of her good old father.

There were little grounds for any cheerful talk that dark and rainy midnight—the husband, and son and brother, in whom they all hoped, and on whom they all relied, was gone to take a hundred chances of death against one of life; and the darling and pet of all was, if that were possible, more than dead; for could the bereaved mother have laid her hot and aching forehead against the cool green turf above his close-shut eyes, she would have found some comfort; but as it was, death was the best of her dark imaginings. All the clew which had been found was

one that opened to the darkest fear—the evidences of an Indian camp recently and hurriedly deserted, for the fires were not yet gone out, and a bow and arrow, some deer-meat, and part of a blanket had been left, as if the savages had fled in haste—and what so likely as that they have taken the lost boy with them? Some dexterous thief might have slipped close, and, unobserved by the grandfather, who was growing blind and deaf, have stolen him from the wagon.

The rain came down in torrents, putting out all the fire on the hearth, and in some stormier gust than the rest, driving through roof and window, for the homes of the colonists were rude enough and comfortless enough, some of them. In the home of Samuel Alger it was a miserable, miserable night. The supper which the young wife had prepared so carefully, and with so much hope, grew cold untasted; and as the hours went by, the fear that Nathan would never come back alive became, in the terrified imaginations of his kinsfolk, almost a certainty. There were none near, stronger in hope and courage than themselves, on whom they could lean for strength; the house of the nearest neighbor was five miles away, and probably it contained that night but one or two frightened inmates; for every man and every youth in all the country round, having heard of the eight men killed near the meeting-house, had saddled their horses, or, having no horses, gone on foot, to meet and drive back the presumptuous Pitcairn and his eight hundred soldiers, for they were not the people to leave their slaughtered neighbors unavenged.

It is hard for us in these peaceful times, and in the enjoyment of comfortable abundance, to realize the privation, the anxiety, and the terror of insecurity that pressed upon the people on the breaking out of the American Revolution.

But to the great common sorrow the family of Samuel Alger had the added anguish of which we have written. We can make but an imperfect and dim picture of them as they huddled together, pale and distracted; the storm beating without, and the storm raging within; every faculty of sense and reason seeming stretched to the utmost possibility of endurance; desolation crowned by the most torturing suspense. If they had lain there together, voiceless and cold, the husband and the little child, it would have been a grief which they might have measured by certain light, and in the end, perhaps, have mastered; but, as it was, where could they look for comfort, or how put back the evil phantoms that went up and down the dark? If the mother's

heart cried continually for her child, can we blame her? and if the bosom of the wife yearned to have back the light of her husband's love, can we think it strange? and if the father and daughter mourned, even as those who have no hope, shall we say they were weaker than we, so tried, would prove to-day?

"Hark!" said the old man, lifting up his head, which had been bowed on his bosom all the night, and pushing back his white hairs, and listening toward the door, "hark! I thought I heard something."

"What, father?" "what, father?" said Margaret and Hepsie at once, and turning toward him their faces, in which sudden hope and fear struggled together. The wind came rattling roughly at the window; but it was not that the old man had heard, he is sure. From the hearth-stone rose the great house-dog, and, going close to the door, listened, or seemed to listen, with the rest. A moment and there was a growl, and a striking of his paws against the heavy slabs that composed the door; there was a hush of under breath; then a gathering up from the bottom of their souls all the courage that had gone down there; a preparation for the worst; they had caught the sound of voices and footsteps, stealthily and suppressed, or fear had made them so.

The daylight past there had been a loud rapping at the window, and the news had been brought that whole regiment of red-coats were marching toward Concord, having left eight men dead in their path; then had come the hurried preparation of Nathan for the conflict, the prayerful and tearful parting with him; and this, before the close of the day, had been followed by the mysterious losing of little Nathan. No wonder, as they watched and waited together, a footstep should startle and a voice send new terror to their hearts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### DIVINE LOVE.

On one occasion the Rev. Rowland Hill was endeavoring to convey to his hearers some idea of his conception of the Divine love; but suddenly casting his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed, "But I am unable to reach the lofty theme! yet I do not think that the smallest fish that swims in the boundless ocean ever complains of the immeasurable vastness of the deep. So it is with me; I can plunge, with my puny capacity, into a subject the immensity of which I shall never be able fully to comprehend!"

### THE DYING DAUGHTER.

BY HELEN M. BRADLEY.

Look away from the pains of life, love,  
And strengthen thy soul to stand  
On the brink of the surging waves, love,  
That circle the "better land."  
There's agony down in my heart, love,  
And the hour is full of woe;  
But the parting time is come, love,  
And I fain must let thee go.  
Lean now on thy mother's breast, love,  
The pang is well nigh o'er,  
And a beautiful throng are come, love,  
From yonder beaming shore.  
One kiss from thy pale, cold lips, love,  
One pressure, one grasp, of thy hand,  
One long, and a close embrace, love,  
Ere thou go with the shining band.  
Be strong; God is thy helper, love;  
Look up to thy Savior now;  
For the waves are wrapping thy form, love,  
And a faintness is on thy brow.  
Look up from darkness to light, love,  
From pain to a wondrous rest;  
Look away to the dying Lamb, love,  
And cling to his bleeding breast!

### WORDS FOR MUSIC.

I love to sing when I am glad,  
Song is the echo of my gladness;  
I love to sing when I am sad,  
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.  
'Tis pleasant time,  
When voices chime  
To some sweet rhyme in concert only;  
And song to me  
Is company,  
Good company when I am lonely.  
Whene'er I greet the morning light,  
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,  
And 'mid the shadows of the night,  
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.  
My heart is stirr'd  
By each glad bird  
Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers;  
And song gives birth  
To friendly mirth  
Around the hearth in wint'ry hours.  
Man first learned song in Paradise,  
From the bright angels o'er him singing;  
And in our home above the skies,  
Glad anthems are forever ringing.  
God lends his ear,  
Well pleased to hear  
The songs that cheer his children's sorrow;  
Till day shall break  
And we shall wake  
Where love will make unfading morrow.

REV. DR. BETHUNE.

## ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

BY REV. C. COLLINS, D. D.

EVERY historic addition to literature possesses value, and this value is generally in proportion to the interest and importance of the subject, plus or minus the graphic power with which it is developed, and the graces of style, language, etc., or the want of these.

We have just been reading a new work\* on ecclesiastical history, and as the subject possesses general interest, a few reflections upon it, we trust, will not be deemed out of place in the Repository, albeit a fastidious criticism might pronounce it too *heavy* for a periodical dedicated to the *ladies*. In justification of our purpose, we have two answers to the ungallant imputation contained in the above remark. 1. Under the admirable conduct of its editor the Repository finds among its 25,000 subscribers and 100,000 readers many of the sterner sex, both clerical and lay, who turn to its pages with the certainty of finding, not only pleasure, but also instruction. 2. The notion of a "softer pabulum" for the gentler sex, out of regard to their alleged weaker stomachs, is, in our judgment, both ungenerous and unjust. We need not deny that among female readers there are many so intellectually indolent that they will read nothing which tasks their powers of thought. A page of sober history, at any time, would give them a chill. And as for philosophy, a chapter of it would communicate mental blindness—akin to that species of ophthalmia which Greek often gives to the school-boys. For such, instruction must be diluted to the last proportion, and administered in homeopathic doses, disguised under the form of beautiful sugar pills. *They* have delicate stomachs indeed.

But, to the credit of woman, this habit of mind, so far as it prevails among the sex, is simply a *habit*; that is, the effect is *artificial* and not *natural*. Whether by nature the affections in the female sex are in the ascendant, and the intellectual faculties relatively inferior, while in man this order is reversed, is a question which need not be discussed. It is a question of philosophy, on which opinions have always differed, and always will. But respecting the capacity of the female mind to appreciate and enjoy the

more solid literary products of the day there is no question. Not only has woman the capacity to enjoy, but she does enjoy them. To a large class the mawkish, sentimental twattle, which is daily served up by the press for female reading, is rejected with disgust. The insult thus offered to female understanding is clearly seen and keenly felt. Should it not be remembered that the fashions of the day assign to woman a widely different education from man? If due allowance be made for this, and for the influence of that more strictly domestic sphere in which she is called to move, we shall find no cause for these disparaging comparisons. That self-appropriated superiority, which the "lords of creation" so complacently assume, in our opinion does not exist. At any rate, we respect ourselves, as well as our wives and daughters, when we provide for them the same intellectual element and the same esthetic culture that we provide for ourselves.

All history is valuable as being a manifestation of man. It is a portraiture of man's *outward* life, but one through which the *inner* and more important life reveals itself. To the Christian Church history is especially valuable, as showing the development of the true religious life of the world under the influence of the spirit and teachings of Christianity. Man never so well knows himself as when he studies himself in others. We mean that no one experiences difficulty in admitting that human nature is the same in all—in all countries and in all times. The teachings, therefore, which we derive from others, as we see them acting under the influence of either good or bad passion, glide into the heart without that danger of bias from self-love, which is always experienced when we sit in judgment directly upon ourselves. Or, to speak in a style now much in vogue, the reflected experiences of objective humanity become the subjective lessons by which our own self-knowledge is most successfully promoted. To know ourselves has ever been considered the sum of knowledge. And to know morally and religiously, is not less important than to know intellectually and physically. Indeed, the dignity of human nature is never fully seen except when displayed on the theater of moral and religious life. It is here that ecclesiastical history offers its instructions. The teachings of the past throw light upon the experiences of the present and illuminate the future. The past is a mirror of the present. The past is also a prophecy of the future. No one can claim to know himself or others, who is ignorant of these oracles. With-

\* A History of the Christian Church, by Dr. Charles Haze, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena, translated from the seventh and much improved edition, by Charles E. Blumenthal, Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Dickinson College, and Conway P. Wing, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Carlisle, Penn. Pp. 720. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

out them no one can pretend to know the ways of Providence, or comprehend the sublime glories of that revolution in the heart of man, or the moral condition of the world, of which Christianity is both the author and the instrument. He, therefore, renders a valuable service who presents the religious history of the past in a manner to impress and instruct; giving to every fact its appropriate place; assigning to every cause its just influence; distorting nothing; suppressing nothing; and with broad and comprehensive vision collects and delivers the lessons which philosophy transmits from by-gone ages to the present. This is a difficult task. Few are qualified for it, either by nature or study.

In many respects Dr. Hase, we think, has been more successful than any writer before him. He is an artist and philosopher. His subject glows in colors upon the canvas. At the same time every thing falls into rank and place under the analysis of a mind absorbed with his theme, and fully comprehending it. Whether near or remote, major or minor in its influence, simple, complex, or recondite, whatever object you see is seen clearly. You look through a pure atmosphere. Its very purity seems to make it cold. This, perhaps, is his leading fault. You miss that warmth of spirit which is the characteristic of Neander. To avoid the bias of feeling and make his mind a pure medium of historic truth, the author at times seems to have divested himself of that sympathy with his subject which is always necessary, to blend the soul of the reader with his own and carry it along with him. But he paints with the skill of a master; and science and beauty mingle so naturally with the stream of events that they seem to be a part of it. The following paragraph beautifully and scientifically expresses his

#### IDEA OF CHURCH HISTORY.

"The Church is always in a progressive state; that is, it is striving to be a perpetual manifestation of the life of Christ in humanity. In other words, it is always aiming to exhibit his life, more and more perfectly, and on a more extensive scale, sometimes in conflict and sometimes in connection with the world. *Church history* is a representation of the Church in this progressive state, by an exhibition of the facts which have occurred in its course. In its scientific form, it is the combination of all those individual elements, which have had any influence upon its composition, since it is, first, *critically*, an impartial, honest, and strict inquiry into facts, and into the extent of the confidence which can be reposed in their proofs, so that where certainty can

not be attained, a knowledge of this extent, in its different degrees, may determine the scientific character of the narrative; second, *genetically*, a statement of the facts in connection with their causes, taking care, however, that no explanations are given inconsistent with the proper nature of the idea developed in the events, or with the peculiar character of the active agents in them; third, *theologically*, an estimation of the facts in their precise relation to the religious spirit, allowing no preconceived opinions to determine what has actually occurred, but only to assist in understanding them as we find them. The correct manner of narration, or the *historical style*, is that which the student naturally adopts when he has acquired a true conception of the events, and there fully expresses this in living freshness and reality."

To give the reader an idea of the work, we present its plan. It is simple, yet methodical and clear. In two introductory chapters the author sets forth the relation of the Church to the world, the province of Church history and its relation to the general history of religion, the mode of treating it, its value, sources, auxiliary sciences, and its divisions; and concludes with a capitally-written criticism on the literature of Church history.

The whole history is then divided into three parts:

I. *Ancient Church History*, embracing two periods.

1. From Christ to Constantine.

2. From Constantine to Charlemagne.

In the first period we have vivid portraiture of such subjects as the following; namely, Classic Heathenism, Judaism, the Apostolic Church, its Struggles for Existence, its Social Constitution, its Ecclesiastical Life, its Doctrines, and Opinions opposed to them.

In the second, the Imperial Church, the Victory and Defeat of Christianity, Theology and Science, the Arian, Originistic, and Pelagian Controversies, the Power of the Emperor over the Church, the Germanic Church, etc., with appropriate subdivisions.

II. *Medieval Church History*. This embraces also two periods, extending

1. From Charlemagne to Innocent III.

2. From Innocent III to Luther.

III. *Modern Church History*. Here, likewise, we have two periods.

1. From Luther to the Peace of Westphalia.

2. From the Peace of Westphalia to the present time.

The analysis of the subject we need not here

more fully present, but a careful examination of the table of Contents would give to any one a clear conception of Christian history from the day when the Church was formed till now. And no other course of historical reading presents topics so rich in varied and absorbing interest. None other takes so strong a hold upon the imagination and the heart. The introduction of Christianity into the world was the projection of a new element into the comparatively stagnant stream of human events, and one which was destined to modify, control, and finally absorb every other. The words of Christ were significant and portentous: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am come not to send peace, but a *sword*." Between the principles of Christianity and those of the world there is hostility irreconcilable. No peace can be anticipated till the one or the other prevails.

The relation of the author of this work to the Germanic Church, and the current evangelical movement of the times, will appear by reference to his public position and labors. A rational curiosity on this point is always felt. We wish to be assured in advance not only that an author is learned and talented, but also orthodox. Especially is this the case when the rationalistic tendencies of German theology, in the past generation, have brought the productions of German scholarship under suspicion in the English mind. Besides his public labors as Professor of Theology in Jena, Dr. Hase has been a laborious cultivator of the field of authorship. His other writings are a system of doctrinal theology—a compendium of Lutheran theology, under the title of "Hutterus Redivivus," and his "Life of Jesus." These have all passed through several editions, and are distinguished for graphic delineation and condensed learning. One of his earlier works was an assault upon what he termed the "vulgar rationalism" of Rohr and Wegscheider, and the men of that school. He has taken part in the current controversies of the times, being the author of a work on the Principles of German Ecclesiastical Law, and of a historical *resume* of the Prussian controversy with the Archbishop of Cologne. The last work from his pen is an Examination of the Views of the Tabingen School, respecting the early history of the Christian Church and a condemnation of their extreme and destructive speculations. But his Manual of Church History is the chief work, and that on which his reputation with posterity will be likely to rest. It is the fruit of long study and immense labor, carefully and conscientiously elaborated. As a text-book on Church history,

its equal is not to be found, and its learned translators have rendered a real service to the English student by presenting it in an English dress, and thus making it acceptable to all.

The labor of translating such a work is not to be estimated by the number of pages. Aside from the intrinsic difficulties of the subject—requiring in the translators a knowledge of Church history, approximating that of the author himself—it required a very thorough mastery of the idioms of the German language to produce in English, even with tolerable success, the graces of style, spirit, wit, and sarcasm of the original. But the translation has been well executed. It has much of the transparency, terseness, and power of the text itself. This, however, was to have been expected by all who know the scholarly translators, Professor Blumenthal and Rev. C. P. Wing. We know of no gentlemen more competent for a solid work of the kind, and hope this may not be the last service for which the English student and reader will have cause to thank them.

The work itself, we hope, will find many buyers and readers. It is just the manual for those commencing theological study, and we hope to see it introduced into the course for young preachers prescribed by our conferences.

### JESSE.

BY E. G. BARKER.

CHILD of the soft and dreamy eyes,  
Child of the pure and snowy brow,  
What angel spirit of the skies  
Bends o'er thee, softly whispering now?  
For in thy smile of cherub grace,  
The soul's high lineage I can trace.  
  
Now in thy home of mortal birth,  
Where sin and sorrow cloud and blight;  
God keep thee from the taint of earth—  
Walk thou with angel bands in light;  
Still be in heart the little child—  
The pure, the sweet, the undefiled.  
  
For when of old the Son of God  
His Father's glories laid aside,  
The thorny paths of sorrow trod,  
And meekly suffered, bled, and died,  
He called young children to his breast;  
These with his kindest love he blessed.  
  
To such the kingdom shall be given;  
To children, favorites of grace,  
And ever, mid the courts of heaven,  
"Their angels do behold his face."  
Sweet child! be these thy guard through time,  
And fit thee for a holier clime.

## THE POWER OF RIGHT.

BY PROFESSOR B. H. NADAL.

## SECOND PAPER.

THE other prominent trait in a strong character is the power of calm reflection, especially in seasons of danger, or prevalent excitement.

"Who wickedly is wise or madly brave,  
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave."

The ferment of the passions forbids reflection and urges on headlong, we know not whither; mere expediency reflects, but only so far as may be needful to secure some selfish end, and this selfishness of the end disturbs and distorts reflection as surely as the rage of passion prevents it. In neither case has the mind a resting-place, an abiding principle, from which to start, and to which to recur in time of perplexity and doubt. In the one instance the ship is driven before the storm without regard to rudder or compass, in the other she obeys the helm, but the helm is not under the control of the needle; in both instances anchorage in the wrong harbor or shipwreck is the sure end of the voyage. But where the power of passion has been withheld and finally conquered; where expediency has been shown to an inferior place, and right has risen to royal dignity in the soul, there is the power of calm reflection, and haste and confusion never enter. The sense of right has given dignity and weight to the mind; undisturbed by conscience, a stranger to fear, the master of excitement, his mental processes go on placidly and consecutively in spite of the rage and the threats of his enemies. Such is his estimation and reverence of right; of such transcendent importance does he feel it to be, that when there is doubt concerning the best means of promoting it, he deliberates earnestly, not indeed whether he shall adopt measures of doubtful rectitude—do evil that good may come, but which among many lawful means will be most conducive to the end.

This power of calm reflection is essential to the highest efficiency of every other attribute of the soul, especially to that of courage. No truly great or strong character can possibly exist without it. It is the element needed to give consistency even to an honest heart; in the absence of which the life is wasted in sporadic impulses and bungling performances, and without which courage degenerates into fury, and the character, instead of a stately and well-proportioned temple, becomes an irregular edifice, with no cement to hold together its loose and repellent blocks. In the great battle for truth and right courage may be the weight and sharpness of the weapon

and the force of the blow, but the power of calm reflection is the temper of the steel and the sureness of the aim.

The second general thought is, that the power of right is seen in its adaptation to be dominant in every sphere of life, and, indeed, in every part of the universe. Being, as we are acquainted with it, rises before the mind as a climax; the lowest stratum is unorganized matter, then vegetable life, then animal, then rational; and the highest point of rational life, as of the whole climax of being, is the moral, to which right has its nearest—its immediate relations. Indeed, the primary purpose of the universe seems manifestly moral. "The heavens declare the glory of God," to excite us to adoring admiration; the lilies of the field exhibit their gentle beauty and scatter their fragrance, to exercise us in filial trust; showers and sunshine, seed time and harvest are meant to awaken our gratitude; the lives of good men are intended to influence our hearts and souls with the love of moral beauty, and those of bad men to awaken our disgust at wrong. Every thing, both within and without, whether it speaks in dimly-understood hieroglyphics, or in the soul's own vernacular, seems to address the intellect mainly for moral purposes, and right is the normal condition of all moral being.

But let us exhibit our idea in the light of a broader view of morality. We are familiar with two expressions of morality, the law of God and the human conscience; the one perfect from the nature of its source, the other, in our fallen condition, imperfect and needing to be supplemented by the first. The moral law is the law of laws: it dwells eternally in the infinite mind, and constitutes the mode and spirit of every divine act. In a very important sense it is the only law: there are many ingenious civil codes; there are political systems of wide extent and great influence; there are rules of social life, plans of domestic government, and forms of individual discipline, but they impose obligation no farther than they agree with the moral law—this is the light which permeates them, the salt which preserves them, and the cord with which alone they can be bound upon the souls of men. What we have said of the moral law among laws, may, to a great extent, be said of the moral faculty among the faculties of the soul: it is dictator and supreme judge, every rejection of whose decisions, every violation of whose commands is to be chastised with a whip of scorpions.

The moral law, then, is the supreme rule for the universe, as the conscience is the supreme

tribunal for the soul, and in proportion as this rule governs the conscience, and the instructed conscience governs the man, and the man so governed becomes the type, not merely of what society ought to be, but of what society is, the world is advancing toward the perfection of heaven, and men toward the power of angels.

This adaptation of right to rule is further illustrated by the sufferings of the wicked. The pangs of a guilty conscience derive all their pungency from the infliction being right, and it will be by the authority of right that the woes of perdition will be administered and perpetuated.

The adaptation of right to the position of universal authority is thus placed beyond question. It is the great generic idea of the universe, under which the categories of all true philosophy must be ranged. In Jehovah it is unoriginated and perfect, and is echoed back to him from all the noblest portions of his creation. In the unfallen angels it exists in glorious miniature; in man the miniature is doubtless miniified, as it certainly is greatly defaced; but still the word and Spirit of God, shining upon it, may restore the blurred and distorted lineaments; in the angels that kept not their first estates, as well as in lost human souls, it exists only as an avenging viceroy in a revolted province, whose office it is to condemn and punish.

Right is to the spiritual what gravity is to the physical universe: the globes of light that float in space around some unknown center, advance as a glorious host—a moving orchestra unnumbered and innumerable—each keeping its place and striking its own note in the grand symphony of universal providence. Some of these worlds are, no doubt, places of darkness and deformity too horrible to be dwelt on; still they circle in their orbits, and the tones they send forth, though discord in themselves, may be taken up and so modified by the influence of the whole as to contribute to the general harmony. Thus also is it with the spiritual universe. Right is full spher'd in God—the great central sun—wherever right is found it acknowledges his attraction and swells the general harmony. The natures in whom right is dominant give forth direct harmony in all their spheres, while those who have resisted it, and with whom it is an opposing and yet necessary element, utter the discords which, being modified, increase the glory of the song. "The wrath of man shall praise the Lord."

Another source of the power of right, and the highest of all, is the presence and direct co-operation of God. We have already seen the ennobling influence of a conviction of the Divine

approval—the power of the belief that in adhering to right we are pleasing God; how it dispels fear and arms the soul; now, however, we call attention, not to the *idea* but to the *thing*; not to the power of the simple persuasion of the presence of God, but to his actual presence and power in the soul. This is a doctrine of Christianity, and, indeed, of all religions. The priestess on the tripod professed to utter her responses as dictated by the god; Socrates claimed to have been guided from his childhood, in all the important affairs of life, by some divinity; Mohammed claimed inspiration; and the Brahmin holds communion with Brahm till the adorer and the adored become one. These are the testimonies of false religions to the true doctrine, whose genuine form and authentic facts are to be found only in the Old and New Testaments. But the inspiration of prophets and apostles was infallible, and its result an enduring revelation—we are using the word in a lower sense; in that, namely, in which, according to Christianity, every good man may be said to be inspired. God himself moves mightily in the soul of the champion of right—the inspiration of his ideas finds its objective complement in the efficient agency of the Holy Ghost.

Infinite Wisdom illuminates the finite intelligence, the Divine essence stirs the human mind, quickening its perceptions, lifting the veil more and more from truth, so that newly disclosed charms may increase the celestial longing, exhibiting ever more and more clearly the hatefulness of falsehood and deception, and the weakness of sin and error, with all their boasting, and showing that the might of right consists, not merely in right ideas, a noble character, and its adaptation to govern in the universe of thought and action, but most of all and finally in the august, personal presence of God in the soul, marshaling, presenting, energizing the ideas—touching the very essence of the feeble but willing spirit with the blazing finger that made Isaiah's lips to sing, and saying, "Lo, this hath touched thee;" for thy devotion to right, I have given thee power and made thee a dispenser of light to man. Such a man was Paul before Agrippa, bold and strong in his chains; such a man was Luther before imperial and Papal power at Worms, with unblanched cheek refusing to recant and demanding to be refuted out of the holy Scriptures; such were Wickliff and Huss, and many others—men who enlightened and reformed the world, first by the blaze of their sanctified genius, and then by the flames of their martyrdom.

We will conclude by briefly noticing some of

the manifestations of this power. Right, in the abstract, as we have seen, is of a nature to become powerful; right, in the concrete, is *already* powerful. When truth, especially moral and religious truth, is found by a receptive and eager seeker, it is no longer merely abstract, but is associated with the energies of a human soul; it enters the arena of mundane conflict with this man as its champion; its manifestation depends on him and his power on it. This very entering of right into the soul; this clothing of the principle with living forces, by which right from being abstract becomes concrete, is itself the very power we have been discussing—the soul is vitalized by right, and right, to indulge a paradox, is embodied in the soul. The soul wanted power, right wanted instruments, and the result of the union is, as we have seen, a powerful character, aided by boundless adaptations, and direct, divine co-operation. The manifestations we inquire for must, therefore, be the results of this character, aided as we have seen.

And, first, what are these manifestations in the individual soul? One is, that the man in his noble aims, in his artless simplicity—keeping company only with the purest thoughts and using his faculties for none but righteous purposes—grows into such dignity and excellence as to be entirely beyond the control of circumstances, no matter how flattering or adverse. How miserable is the man whose highest desires are satisfied by wealth; over whose face and heart the fluctuations of the market can spread the deepest gloom or the highest joy; who only lives under the fickle smile of Fortune, and wilts and expires under her frown; who finds within the whole range of his personality nothing to control his avarice—no principle superior to the passion for self! Or look at the man of mere genius, who knows nothing, in all the wide range of his thoughts, nobler or better than his own powers: if poetry is his sphere, his muse, sordid as brilliant, chants in sublimest strains the praise of royal babies, the victories of a tyrant's armies, or the glories of a reign signalized only by violence and blood. He considers the faculty divine an article of trade and fairly disposed of when sold to the highest bidder; he has one eye, and that the weakest, on glory, and the other on his pension; so that with powers for which the whole world scarcely affords sufficient scope, he is like the little boy in the nursery song, who "sung for his supper."

But the man possessing the character formed by right, in the sense in which we have been treating it, whether gifted with genius or merely

favored with an ordinary share of talents, rejoices in the existence of something in the world and in himself, infinitely superior to wealth or genius, or even his own person; something to which all these were intended to be subservient. He deeply pities "the poor man that hangs on princes' favors," as also him whose whole life is an exploration of the earth for gold. Riches and poverty, fame and obscurity are non-essential circumstances, that may or may not be appendages of right.

"He fixes good on good alone, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows."

To him real failure is impossible; for though violence and wrong may win the day and triumph every-where else, his soul is still victorious and mighty in its unawed, unsubdued allegiance, and if he falls he falls a blessed martyr. Like Wordsworth's happy warrior, if

"Doomed to go in company with pain,  
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower.  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence and their good receives.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
And, while the mortal mist is gath'ring, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

Another effect of this power is seen in the manner in which a certain class of practical difficulties disappears before rectitude of purpose. You find yourself hemmed in on every side, and your soul is sore amazed; taking counsel of your fears you are ready to despair, for the darkness may be felt, or, at least, there is no light except upon some forbidden path. But bethink thee; if thou canst not see, canst thou not feel? feel right within thee, and, strong in thy honest purpose, wait in the dark till right shall show the true way? For only let a man resolve to do right at all hazards, and a light will be kindled in his soul which will solve, slowly, perhaps, but surely, the riddle of the most perplexing position.

The effect of this benign power shows itself in the world at large. Peace is the offspring of right, but its birth is heralded by wars and rumors of wars; and the throes of the parturition are revolution of states and the tottering and tumbling of thrones and dynasties. "I come," said Jesus, "not to send peace on earth, but a sword." It was a part of his mission to give to the degraded populations of the earth a sense of their rights, with a longing and a courage to achieve them; hence, the sword was the necessary pre-

cursor of peace, and from being the butcher-knife of royal assassins become the honored, though dreadful instrument of liberty and right. Now, however, the world is witnessing the inauguration of a new period. Right resisted wrong with the instruments of slaughter, because they were the only available arguments; but the tactics are changing, the voice of reason is beginning to be potent, arguments are becoming more powerful than blows, the pen mightier than the spear, and the scene of the conflict is changing from the field of carnage to the college, the pulpit, the press, the seats of the world's deliberative assemblies, nay, even to the log school-house, with its backless benches, and to the very hearthstone of the rudest hut in the land. No reader of these lines, of whatever age or sex, will be able to shun this conflict: they must battle on one side or the other—which shall it be? and in what manner and spirit will you conduct the strife? Will you, reader, stand up in the vast army of the good, an earnest, even though feeble, defender of right? Will you resolve, with a purpose that no power can shake, that neither the glare of wealth, nor the deceitfulness of power, nor the thirst of fame, nor the appetite for pleasure, nor devotion to party, nor the influence of sect, nor the strong bias of friendship, nor even the love of life itself, shall tempt you, for one moment, to desert the right? Reject every base motive, and all low and deceitful management, even though they should appear to be the only path to preferment. Deal truthfully with truth as well as with error, and let it not satisfy you merely to have truth on your side—rather, as a great living author has said, be always sure to be on the side of truth.

Love and cherish the right. When the multitude follows in her train despise not the tumultuous joy, but join the crowd, and, with the rest, spread your garments in her path and aid in raising the loud hosanna! But, when all men desert her, and you find yourself the only worshiper at her shrine, then let your soul be stirred to a deeper devotion to her honor and a higher enthusiasm for her advancement. With such a character you shall be only a little lower than the angels.



ALL self-complacency is excluded in the experience of holiness. However deep our peace, however freely justified and uncondemned we stand beneath the cross, abasement before God is the attitude of the soul praising the grace which saves to the uttermost.

#### A MIDSHIPMAN'S ADVENTURE WITH A BABY.

THE reader may be curious to know at what period the event I am about to relate occurred. Reasons of delicacy, however, prevent me from gratifying even so reasonable a desire; and I will only say, that the harrowing circumstance took place in the summer of a certain year, between the time of the arrival of the first bear at the Zoological Gardens in London and the present day.

I had been a midshipman on board the well-known ship named after His Majesty King William the Fourth; but receiving letters from home announcing my father's death, I had just returned to this country to take possession, as well as a minor could, of the family estate. I was not very well acquainted with the world—except the liquid part of it—having been brought up in a country town, and shipped in boyhood; but to make up for that, I had an excellent opinion of myself, and watched both with pride and anxiety the sprouting of what I conceived to be a very promising mustache.

One evening, after getting myself into full tog, I was displaying my horsemanship near the Zoological Gardens, when I saw, in the path leading to the entrance, one of the loveliest women that ever appeared to the eyes of an ex-reefer. What was that to me? I do not know. It was a thing completely settled in my mind, that I was a full-grown man, and that a full-grown man has a right to look at any woman. In short, I dismounted, gave my horse to the groom, and followed my divinity. A little girl was behind her, walking with the nurse-maid, who had another child, an infant, in her arms; and to my great satisfaction, this careless servant put the baby presently into the arms of the older girl, not much bigger than itself. I watched the proceeding, saw the little creature, whose walk was but a totter at the best, swaying to and fro under her burden, and the baby's long clothes trailing on the ground.

"Madam," said I to the lady, touching my hat in quarter-deck fashion, "that baby, I fear, is in dangerous hands: you are perhaps not aware of it?" She turned round instantly. It was what I wanted, but the flash I received from her beautiful eyes had a world of haughtiness in it; and although she bent her head slightly, and said: "Sir, I thank you," I did not dare to continue the conversation, but walked rapidly on. In fact, it was obvious the woman thought I had taken an unwarrantable liberty with her arrangements; and as when turning away I caught a

smile at my discomfiture on the face of the nurse-maid, who snatched the baby roughly away, indignation mingled with my awkwardness.

Who was this lady? Was she the mother of the two children? Was she the governess? Was she a relation? Was she single, or married? She was single; she was the mother's sister: I decided upon that. And, after all, was her haughty look so very reprehensible? Had she not been addressed suddenly by a stranger, and that stranger a man—a man of somewhat *distingué* figure, and most promising mustaches? I relented; and as I saw her enter the Gardens my heart gave a great leap, for I considered it uncommonly likely that a lion would break loose, or something or other occur to draw forth my chivalry, and extort her gratitude. I was not in error in my anticipations; although the circumstance that did occur was too wild even for an imagination like mine. Had it come suddenly, I almost think I should have shut my eyes, held my breath, and stood still: but as it was, I had no time to reflect; the uppermost idea in my mind was, that I would do something heroic, something desperate; and when opportunity offered, I instantaneously did it.

The party, with many others, were looking over the inclosure at the bear on his pole; and in order that all might see, the nurse-maid had the little girl in her arms, while the little girl had the baby in hers. This arrangement was not very reprehensible, as a momentary freak, for the maid of course had good hold of both the children, the elder of whom was jumping with glee; and my attention, therefore, was exclusively directed to the lady, who stood absorbed in the spectacle before me. All on a sudden, there was a scream from the little girl—the unfortunate baby was over the inclosure, and lying senseless on its face in the area—and the gigantic bear was descending the pole to secure his prey.

To climb the inclosure and spring into the area, did not take me many moments—but it took me too many. I was at a little distance from the spot, and before I reached it the bear had caught up the infant, whose little face was buried in its fur; and on my approach made for the pole, and began to ascend with great rapidity. I followed, without giving myself time for a moment's reflection, and while I climbed caught hold of the long clothes of the baby. The action was well intended; but the consequences were dreadful—perhaps fatal; for the bear loosed his hold, and the poor little thing fell to the ground. I began mechanically to descend; but did not dare to look at what was in all probabili-

ty a lifeless corpse. And presently I could not look, for the exigencies of my own position demanded my every thought. The bear above was descending with huge strides and angry growls, and another below—a great black monster, of whose presence in the inclosure I had not been aware—was shambling along to the support of his comrade, and had already almost reached the pole.

The fix was terrible, but it lasted only an instant; for the keeper now made his appearance, and with a few hearty wallops sent the black bear to the right about, while my pursuer stopped short with a terrific growl.

"What are you doing here?" cried the keeper, as I staggered upon the ground. "I must give you in charge to the police for a lunatic!"

"Never mind me," said I faintly; "look to the child, for I dare not."

"The child!—what child?"

"Are you blind? There!" and I forced my eyes upon the hideous spectacle.

The creature's head was off! It was wax!

I hardly know how I got over the inclosure. A sound of laughter was in my brain, as if I was made of ears, and every ear ringing its loudest. The nurse-maid enjoyed the adventure more than any body, but the little girl in her arms clutched at me furiously, as if charging me with the murder of her doll, and was not pacified till the fragments of that sickening baby were handed to her over my shoulder. I darted away; and it was high time to do so, for all the company in the Gardens were rushing to the spot.

The fair cause of the mischief was standing a little way off, leaning on the arm of a tall, noble-looking man, with mustaches ten times as big as mine. She seemed choking between recent alarm and present mirth; and as I passed:

"Sir," said she, with swelling cheeks and unsteady voice, "my husband wishes to thank you for our little girl's doll!" But I was off like a shot, without waiting even to touch my hat; and thankful I was to get out of the gate, for many of the spectators followed mechanically.

It would be vain to attempt to describe my reflections as I sped rapidly along. But in the midst of all I knew what was before me—I had an intense consciousness of what was to be done. My resolve was fixed, and I felt an insane joy at the idea that no possible intervention could prevent me from executing it. As soon as I reached home, I went straight to my own room, locked and bolted myself in, sat deliberately down before the glass, drew forth my razor, and—shaved off my mustaches.—*Chambers's Journal.*

## "OUR MOTHER WAS A REMARKABLE WOMAN."

BY REV. L. D. BARROWS.

THESE words fell from the lips of a strong, middle-aged man, as he, with a younger brother, sat alone, late at night, in mournful thoughtfulness, drawn around the dying embers of the paternal hearth-stone.

This remark called up a thousand tender reminiscences of their youth and their recently-departed and lamented mother.

The conversation now turned on events and scenes of other days. Long and touching was that conversation, and I need hardly say that "mother" was the theme—she who had been the center of attractions in that *home* for forty years, had but just fallen asleep in Jesus, leaving vacant the old arm-chair and her place at table. The younger of these two sons had just traveled three hundred miles to see the place where they had laid her. These pensive sons talked on till midnight stole insensibly upon them.

In the course of this chastened interview there was one great thought which developed and deeply impressed itself upon their minds; namely, *the results, unforeseen and unanticipated, which follow a humble but unwavering course of duty.*

Pause, gentle reader, one moment in this brief narrative and contemplate this hopeful and glorious thought. Our good Father in heaven has marked for us a path of duty, and sometimes it appears difficult and rugged, while the reasons for it are all out of human sight; yea, these very duties may seem to conflict with reason! Yet there stands the command. What shall be done? Assume that we are better judges than the Author of our being and all our mercies? This will show a lack of faith and fidelity which will sunder us as cast-off branches of the living Vine, and banished us from the household of faith. God will be *trusted* and not *argued* with. Then and thus, walking by faith and not by sight, we shall obey all his commands and leave the result wholly with him. But are you continually predisposed to ask, "What good will this or that act of duty do?" We reply, God only knows or can know, and your question indicates a wicked lack of confidence—"without faith it is impossible to please God." The results of duty can never be disastrous in the end, when every thing is considered. No matter what these duties are, whether public or private, great or small, observed or unobserved, God will bring about good and only good results when sincerely performed. Rely upon it. There is safety no where else. There is divine favor and usefulness no where else.

How all this is shown and illustrated in the character and history of this mother we will now inform the thoughtful and duty-loving wife and mother, as well as all other readers.

Early in her married life she became a Christian. She was modestly but firmly and perseveringly attached to the religion of Christ and all its duties. The husband and father, though intelligent, moral, and kind, was unconverted, somewhat skeptical, and thoroughly self-righteous.

About this time the family removed into a new and remote town on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains, in Vermont, quite distant from all religious privileges and almost wholly out of reach of those of her own chosen Church. Here, in worldly circumstances made only comfortable by excessive toil and hardship, she lived for many years, doing more than her full part to support and educate—limitedly—a family of six children—three sons and three daughters. The amount of physical labor and exposure which she endured for many years in this way, would shock most of you whose tiny fingers turn these pages, since it is your good fortune to live, unlike her, when fire and water turn the spindles and work the looms of our mothers.

During these long years also she was comparatively without the "ordinary means of grace." Yet such was her desire for and delight in divine worship, she often rode on horseback ten and fifteen miles for that purpose, happy only in her Savior and her rising family. Firmly did she cleave to Christ, faithful in her closet duties, and every other means of grace which her limited opportunities furnished.

Her responsibilities she deeply felt—religiously felt—and the more so, as she was the solitary representative of Christ in that family. Often and fervently did she cry to God for the salvation of the husband and children. She fasted and she prayed; by precept and example enforcing religion on all the household. The holy Sabbath was sacredly observed; the word of God was carefully and religiously read; at the earliest possible opportunity every child was placed in Sabbath school, and many long and weary miles did they walk for that purpose while yet very young. Carefully did she train them all to value their time, their labor, their money, and the few good and only good books placed within their reach. Few amusements, and none dissipating, were provided or allowed. The children sometimes complained that their training was too rigid and Puritanic; but the mother knew better, and was *firm* enough the right to pursue, for

which they have since a thousand times given thanks to God, loving and revering her memory more and more.

Time rolled on. At length the eldest daughter became pious. Now she found a companion in prayer and began to rejoice in some fruit of her long and patient waiting for the harvest. Soon after this the two eldest sons sought and found Christ. Nearly the same time some other young men in the neighborhood became converted. Then religious meetings for prayer and religious conversation were established in the place and a general revival followed.

Mainly through the exertions of these two converted sons a Sabbath school was established in the district school-house—small but efficient in its beginning, and continues, we think, to this very day. The eldest son was appointed superintendent. Another revival soon occurred, *commencing in this Sabbath school.* In this revival the youngest of the three sons was converted, with most of the young and many middle-aged people of the neighborhood. Ministers of the Gospel were invited to visit and preach here, and regular religious worship was established and a branch of the Christian Church organized.

Soon following was the conversion of the two youngest daughters—all that remained unconverted of the children. Thus this faithful mother saw her six children, one by one, coming with her and drinking at the fountain of the waters of life and giving their hearts to God. O happy day for that mother! Happy day for those children!

Now there were *seven* instead of *one* to pray for the father, who all this time stood like an uncleaned stock in the harvest-field. Often and earnestly did this *round* number of seven souls plead with God, as they saw this—now—aged father halting to the tomb without having been known ever to have confessed his need of Christ or to shed one tear over his sins of near three-score years.

The sons, as they became men, entered into argument, expostulation, and exhortation, pleading with him as they did with God for him. But not one hopeful sign encouraged them, either in his concessions or appearances. He was calm, candid, but unfeeling and indifferent. Nothing but the naked promises of God and the Spirit had they to encourage them to hope *he would ever take shelter in the Gospel from the wrath to come.* But God is good: "his ways are not as our ways." "And shall he not avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?"

When sixty long, weary, and sinful years of his life were beginning to be finished up, and when all human means had proved their insufficiency, and when all hope of friends was about to expire, and all this household were beginning to dread the day when they must say "farewell" world without end to husband and to father, O, all praise to God, by his great grace, this moral iceberg melted, as under the focus rays of seven confederate suns, and cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" He who turns none empty away, who sincerely and penitently apply, suffered him to enter in and be saved. O what a God of goodness and power is ours!

What a day was that when, for the first time, the husband and father kneeled in prayer around an altar bedewed with others' tears for thirty years! There was joy in heaven and joy on earth that day. To hear *that* voice in prayer and praise seemed like a vision of some long looked-for object almost on the borders of Paradise—a vision which had come of a whirling brain and throbbing heart, lashed into a tempest by long years of agony—a vision too glorious to be true, and sure to be proved unreal in the next breath. But, thanks to God! it was a great fact, which remained fixed with him till the lamp of life went quietly out, and the morning of immortality opened to his view.

Before death swept away either of these parents the whole family became members of the same Christian Church; both of the elder sons were official members, two of the daughters had become the wives of evangelical ministers, and the youngest son had been sixteen years a preacher of the Gospel in the same Church. The second son died peacefully in full manhood, and all the other children are still living, and, so far as is known to the writer, honoring the God of their fathers.

Now, kind reader, trembling and desponding, it may be, "under your trials and duties," thinking all you are doing amounts to nothing, look at this "mother," whose history and character we have thus briefly and imperfectly sketched, and ask yourself what were the means and duties so abundantly blessed of the Lord, required of, and so faithfully used by this humble woman, resulting in so much earthly, spiritual, and eternal good to that large family, and through them to hundreds and thousands more.

"Our mother," said the son, "was a remarkable woman." This was true; yet only as it was applied to her common sense, her sagacity, her firmness, her industry and frugality, her deep, ardent, and uniform piety. In other qualities

and attainments she was not remarkable. But her enlightened piety was carried into all her social life, shrinking at no obstacles, yielding under no trials or privations, patiently awaiting the consummation of all earthly things for the fruit of her care and toil, as well as her reward. She did not labor in vain. Neither will you, humble reader, however obscure and unknown you are, *if, in the place where you are, with what means you have, you go and do likewise—being faithful over the few things, you will be put in charge of many.*

## BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF CHRIST.

"I KNOW men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you that Jesus was not a man. The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find it a marked individuality, which originated in actions unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited in himself a perfect precept of his examples. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven.

"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires, but upon what foundation did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon FORCE. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon LOVE, and at this hour millions of men would die for him. It was not a day, nor a battle that achieved the triumph of the Christian religion in this world. No, it was a long war; a contest for three centuries, begun by the apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war, if all the kings of the earth, and potentates, were on one side—on the other, I see no army but a mysterious force, some men scattered here and there, all over the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

"I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the Great Napoleon. What an abyss between my great misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extending all over the world! Call you this dying? Is it not living, rather? The death of Christ is the death of God!"

Napoleon stopped at the last words, but General Bertrand making no reply, the Emperor added:

"If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I do wrong to appoint you a general."

## REMINISCENCE OF THE POET CAMPBELL.

SOME five and twenty years ago I went to dine at a friend's house. On entering the drawing-room, I found that the object of attraction was an album, which had been presented that morning to the young lady of the house. Her name was Florine, and the lines were as follows:

"TO FLORINE.

"Could I recall lost youth again,  
And be what I have been,  
I'd court you in a gallant strain,  
My young and fair Florine.  
But mine's the chilling age that chides,  
Affection's tender glow;  
And Love—that conquers all besides  
Finds Time a conquering foe.  
Farewell! we're parted by our fate,  
As far as night from noon.  
You came into the world so late,  
And I depart so soon!"

T. C.

Dinner was announced; and ere it was half over, a loud knock was heard at the door, and Mr. Campbell came into the dining-room somewhat excited, and making many apologies for intruding. He was asked to join the party, but he declined; and merely begged to see the album, as there was an error in the verses which he wished to correct. The album was brought; and taking from his waistcoat pocket a small penknife, he proceeded to erase the word "parted" in the first line of the stanza, and substituted for it "severed;" which, from the occurrence of the word "depart" in the last line, of course improved the verses: the repetition having evidently haunted his poetic ear. The correction made, Mr. Campbell took a hasty leave; he had another engagement, and could not stay.

## THE BEST RECREATION.

THE celebrated Haydn was in company with some distinguished persons. The conversation turned on the best means of restoring their mental energies when exhausted. One said he had recourse, in such cases, to a bottle of wine; another, that he went in company. Haydn said he retired to his closet and engaged in prayer—that nothing exerted on his mind a more happy and efficacious influence than prayer.

There is a great deal of truth in this remark. God is the strength of his people. Luther used to say that to pray well was to study well. The celebrated Eliot left us the striking sentiment, "that prayer and painstaking were able to accomplish all things." I doubt not that a leading defect of many, very many Christians, lies in their not praying as they ought.

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

THEY said he was alone;  
 The thin, frail hand that gently held his own  
 Came not to their dim sight.  
 They often wondered what sweet spell he kept,  
 When o'er his face a sudden radiance crept,  
 As though his eyes were looking toward the light.  
 And to the outward view,  
 There was no brightness all his life way thro';  
 No slightest shreds of love  
 Bound his lone heart to any throbbing mate—  
 Orphaned and homeless, friendless, desolate,  
 Upon life's waters wild a wandering dove.  
 But O, not so, not so!  
 He heard a music they could never know,  
 Whose scorn was on his head;  
 As the soft mist of summer's morning bright,  
 About his way there seemed a ridge of light  
 From some sapphirian censer softly shed.  
 At times he heard the rings,  
 As though a pair of white, invisible wings  
 Were folded o'er his head;  
 He felt the clasps of a gentle hand,  
 And journeyed on toward the unseen land,  
 With sweet heart-sheltered prayers to words unwed.  
 With this celestial guide—  
 This quiet footfall ever by his side—  
 Life's bitterest woes were small.  
 Though smiles and loving words were not for him,  
 And Want's black cup filled to its very brim,  
 The joy within his heart could cancel all.  
 No sigh, no sad complaint  
 Escaped the lips of this poor pilgrim saint,  
 From weary day to day;  
 They did not know that, blest and sin-forgiven,  
 His little feet were journeying near to heaven,  
 Where tears are ever, ever wiped away.  
 Once when his golden locks  
 Straightened with dew the while he watched his  
 flocks,  
 And Night put on her crown,  
 He sat alone, his heart within him stirred  
 To a sweet music until then unheard,  
 As though some seraph's harp sent echoes down.  
 And to his fading eyes  
 There seem'd an angel walking down the skies  
 With a calm smile of love;  
 His pale face glowed with a celestial fire;  
 He heard a sweet voice saying, "Come up higher;  
 Come to the Ark of peace, poor wandering dove."  
 Dawn came; they found him there,  
 The dew-drops melting on his rippled hair—  
 Smiles on the upturned face;  
 The azure eyes, whose brightness scarce was hid,  
 Looked heavenward still from each pure, waxy lid—  
 They knew he slept in some fair saint's embrace.  
 Said they, with whispers light,  
 "The Chaldean shepherds watched their flocks by  
 night,

An angel came to them;  
 And this sweet child, with smiles upon his brow,  
 Our hardened hearts do only envy now;  
 For he hath seen the Babe of Bethlehem."

## BOBOLINK.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

'TWAS a beautiful bird;  
 A pet bobolink with eyes like the day,  
 And plumage of jet, and orange, and gray,  
 And a song like the fresh woodland music of May,  
 In the glad morning heard.  
 But a captive was he;  
 From his light, roomy cage he could see the blue sky,  
 And the emerald meadows in loveliness lie,  
 And I knew by the glance of his bright, wistful eye  
 How he longed to be free!  
 Poor Bob! could I know  
 How vainly for peace and contentment he strove,  
 How sadly he pined for the green, spreading grove,  
 How, in spite of my gentlest attention and love,  
 He panted to go—  
 And not open wide  
 The door of release for my beautiful pet,  
 And stifle each feeling of selfish regret  
 That he, in his gladness, so soon would forget  
 His home by my side?  
 'Twas the still Sabbath day;  
 The sunset was glowing in coloring rare,  
 The fields and the gardens were never more fair,  
 When his free, rapid wing cleft the soft summer air  
 As he hastened away.  
 How he sung as he flew!  
 Not the beautiful airs that had charmed us so long—  
 Far clearer, far sweeter, far richer his song,  
 For the glad notes of freedom were ringing among  
 The chords that we knew.  
 O that pean of joy!  
 All the night, in my dreams, its notes, bold and free,  
 Came back, from the far-distant thickets, to me,  
 And thrilled my full heart with their strange melody!  
 That pean of joy.

## INGRATITUDE.

BY ALICE CARY.

The borrower of his neighbor's grain  
 Sends home the measure running o'er,  
 But to God's lending we remain  
 Debtors, and thankless ever more.  
 Our prayer is still for length of days,  
 For more of dew and more of sun,  
 No gratitude for yesterdays,  
 No feeling of "thy will be done."  
 Break with contrition, O my heart,  
 And be with sorrow's passion moved,  
 To think how unconcerned thou art,  
 And yet so cared for, so beloved.

## THE SEA IS FULL OF LIFE.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY, A. M.

HOW often, as we realized the extent of ocean in our school-boy days, did we wonder that so vast a portion of earth was devoid of life—so we deemed it! We forgot, when we talked of the dreary expanse of ocean, that land, too, had its deserts, wide, terrible, and gloomy, where perished almost every living thing; that their tornadoes were terrible as those of ocean, and waves of sand were fatal as waves of brine. And we did not know that ocean was one great garden, where unchecked, uncultivated vegetation grew in luxuriant profusion, and that within it lived and died untold varieties of animal life.

The mariner little dreams, while sailing over the unfathomable deep, that beneath his vessel, many fathoms down, wave unbroken forests in their majesty, and in peerless beauty bloom the

"Fadeless hues of countless flowers."

Once when brown October, that most delightful of the months, autumn's peerless queen, had softly and with some touch of sadness tinted vegetation, I galloped out on the Grand Prairie, in Illinois. Before me spread out ocean's second self, like ocean, seemingly boundless, the dipping sky the only visible boundary; and then, as if to make the illusion more perfect, there was the long swell, the ocean-like roll mimicking the crest of the main. But O what profusion of flowers—many-hued flowers—not sickly exotics, but free and lively in their native vigor! But could man descend the deep caves, move among the mountains, and cross the wide plains of ocean, what wonders he would rehearse! What themes for poet and painter! Alas! this may not be! Those who thus descend come not back. There is mystery as well as "sorrow on the sea."

It can not be expected that much can be said of ocean life, therefore, and less is known of vegetable than its animal productions. Even what is known can not be condensed into the limits of a Repository article.

In one region of the sea grow the laminariae, rising like tall trees, flaunting their endless ribbons, true ocean pennons; these wave over the broad-leaved water-lettuce, which rests in turn upon a rich-hued woof of small aquatic plants, red conservae and brown-rooted mosses.

Here also flourish the gigantic-leaved irides, of scarlet and pink. *Alaria* raise their long, naked stems, terminating in a hideous leaf seventeen yards in length. These are not the ocean vedars, waving, in kingly pride, over pearls, and gold, and grinning skulls, ocean's tessellated pave-

ment. Rising in palm-like altitude tower *nereocysti*, upward of seventy feet. A modern writer thus describes them: "They begin in a coral-shaped root and grow up with a thin, thread-like trunk, which, however, gradually thickens till its club-shaped form grows into an enormous bladder, from the top of which, like a crest on a gigantic helmet, there waves proudly a large bunch of delicate but immense leaves." Of these are said to be large forests which develop in a few months, wither and decay in still shorter time, to be reproduced in richer profusion.

There are many varieties of algae and fuci of all conceivable shapes and sizes. In the northern and southern arctic oceans they grow to the enormous length of fifteen hundred feet. These are they which come to the surface and form those meadows so terrible to the sailor. To early navigators they were peculiarly disheartening and difficult. The Caravals of Columbus were three weeks plowing their tortuous way through the Sargossa Sea, lying between the Antilles and Azores—the sea-weed meadows covered some twenty-five degrees of latitude.

Of every variety. In the northern sea grows the sugar fucus, with broad leaves, from which is made the marma sugar. These leaves are broad and exceedingly thin, yet grow miles in length. Off the Falkland Isles is a species resembling the apple-tree, with trunk, branches, and abundance of fruit. Near the Irish coast is gathered the Carraghen Moss, with beautiful curled leaves, used as a remedy in pulmonic affections.

In short, waving, and creeping, and climbing grows the dark, dripping vegetation of the sea. Twining around moldy guns, winding about slimy spars, making a curious net-work for coffers and caskets, keeps that varied vegetation solitary guard over the treasures of the deep. What oozing death sobs have struggled through its branches in vain effort to reach some kindly ear!

Turn we now to animal life. We now have wonder rising upon wonder. We have moving mountains of bone and muscle, and again heart, and eye, and sinew in a mere atomic speck, scarce the size of the mustard seed.

The whole moves in sluggish and unwieldy majesty through the waters. Research has clearly shown that the home of the right whale is in the north. To him the tropical regions of the ocean are as a sea of molten lead. He can not cross the equator nor sail "around the Horn." The sperm whale, on the other hand, delights in the "peculiar institutions" of the south, and remains in "hot water." He never doubles Good Hope, but does double Cape Horn.

Beside the northern whale the proportions of the rhinoceros and elephant dwindle into contempt. He lashes the ocean with his tail and convulses it as with the madness of the tempest. He sometimes strikes the whale-boat and dashes it high into the air. Brave whaler, beware! If the enraged beast reach thy craft, short will be thy shrift, brief thy closing prayer. The harpoon flies! Back those oars! Let out that line! Back the oars for life—dear life itself! The puny arm can let out that mighty life; but if one moment his skill fail him; if he lose his self-possession; if his boat become unmanageable; if his keen eye detect not in due time the coming of the maddened brute, terrible will be his revenge. Another sad page will be written in the chapter of accidents. Be wary, O whaleman! There are bright eyes at New Bedford which are suffused with tears when the northern tempest goes moaning by. Be wary! There are loved ones at home who eagerly long for news of thy coming. Be wary! thy foe is upon thee!

Have we a sea-serpent? This is a mooted question, which has been positively proven in the affirmative by many credible witnesses, who most unequivocally testify they have seen him—have been chased by him, or, at all events, ran from him. This would settle the question, but we have the proof which carried the day in the Hibernian court; there are a great many more who testify as positively that they *never saw him*. This must, then, remain an open question, involved in the mystery enshrouding the origin of evil and the success of the caloric engine.

But, sea-serpent or not, there is a sea-elephant, one of the "first families" of seals, sometimes thirty feet long and eighteen feet in circumference; the sea-fox, a species of shark with long and curved tail, creeping with malignant cunning upon his victim; the sea-lion, and leopard, and wolf, and tiger, which grow to enormous size. It has also otters, pheasants, gulls, and mews. Also the ponderous walrus, the agile sword-fish, the nautilus, moving with spread sail, add to its numbers. The urchin and the unicorn are also among the denizens of the deep. The mackerel, the cod, the gar, the ruff, the star-fish move in shoals or dart singly in search of food.

But, gentle reader, the half has not been told thee. Ocean hath somewhat beside these. I speak not of salmon, although gladly would I speak of them and over them; nor of herrings, sailing in schools, ranging from a few furlongs to several miles in breadth, and from ten to thirty in length, so closely packed that the deep sea-lead can not pass through them; nor of the fish-

eries engaging three thousand American vessels, and some five thousand of Dutch, French, and English sail; nor of turtles, weighing twelve hundred pounds; nor of snails, creeping among the branches of sea-weed; nor of sportive mollusks, chasing each other in mimic fray; nor of the coral-tree, reared by the "infinitesimal train" which, obedient to the utilitarian advice of Mrs. Hemans, has continued to toil on. I am inspired by still another theme. Reader, dear reader, *there are oysters in the sea*; ay, oysters, large, luscious, lazy oysters, lying in comfortable beds, extracting, through their delicate gills, the air lurking in each drop of passing water—there removed from the conflicts of politics, the agitation of reformers, the zeal of comeouters, they contemplate and fatten.

Let no one ask of what use is the sea? The philosopher answers that it is a highway, uniting different nations and bearing their commerce. Softly, sir, it *separates* nations. I would have visited England long since, had it not been in the way. As to being a highway for commerce, but for it we would have a turnpike to Sicily, a plank road to Alexandria, and go to Thebes, Karnak, and Memphis *on a rail*. We would have a water-station at Philæ, and "wood" among the palms of Capri. At Posylippo we would have a market depot and a warehouse for the packing season at Luxor. No, sage sir, your answer won't do.

Will you turn catechist and ask, "What use is the sea?" Divers and sundry are its uses, and it raises oysters! "And what are oysters?" Poor man, dost thou not know? Didst thou never sit by the bowl of steaming oyster soup? Never ate the well-roasted turkey dressed with oyster sauce? Never partook of oysters fried? Did pickled oysters never regale thy palate? Didst thou never receive them fresh and living from the cart of the oyster-man, and, penknife in hand, open the glad bivalves and permit the resident to leap down thy throat? Never? Unfortunate man! Thou art an object of sympathy.

But, dismissing this persiflage, the coral demands a more satisfactory notice than it has received, and I give it in the language of a writer in a cotemporary magazine. "Here germinates, out of the stone, a living, sensitive animal, clad in the gay form and bright colors of flowers, and adorned with phosphorescent brilliancy. As if in a dream, the animal polypus awakens in the stone for a moment, and like a dream it crystallizes into a stone again. They build large, powerful castles, and high, lofty steeples, resting upon the very bottom of the sea, rising stone

upon stone, and cemented like no other on this globe. The minute polypi work quietly and silently, and with modest industry, in their never-ceasing struggle with the mighty waves. Thus they build year after year, century after century, till at last their atolls inclose vast lakes in the midst of the ocean, where eternal peace reigns undisturbed by the stormy waves and the raging tempest. But when their marvelous structure reaches the surface it rises no farther, for the polypi are true children of the sea, and as soon as sun and air touch them they die. They erect barriers which preserve human habitations from destruction. Man can not defend himself against the roll and rush of angry floods.

The mills which manufacture the clean, white calendered paper upon which the Repository is printed, are located on a small river in a beautiful Indiana village. The stream, in summer, becomes so diminutive that a lady can cross on the loose stones and not injure her thin slippers. But when swollen by angry winter floods, the tiny thread of silver becomes a chainless deviator. Two years ago came such a flood of rain and melting snow. Above the mill and dam the bank was protected by heavy stone work, which had heretofore successfully stood against the severest freshets. Near midnight I reached the spot, and found the shore lined with anxious citizens desirous to render assistance to the esteemed proprietors. The stream now looked the very picture of uncaged fury. The occasional flashes of lightning gave us fair view; it rolled madly, its waves overtopping each other and mingling the turbid waters. O how angry was the roar!

We first watched for the safety of the dam, erected at great expense, and on the stability of which depended, in part, the safety of the costly works. By and by the large blocks of hewn stone began to fall, tossed by the river as mere playthings. Faster and faster still they fell, till the whole gave way. The head-gate soon followed, and the torrent ran through the race directly into the mill.

But a more startling danger was upon us. The junior partner had a beautiful cottage upon the bluff bank of the river, and hitherto had dreaded no danger. Even in the storm and wreck the lights gleamed cheerfully and home-like. The children were sleeping quietly—the wife could not sleep; but as yet the imminent peril of her house had not alarmed her. A new splashing was heard. The senior listened a moment and then suddenly said, "The protection is giving away; if it fails the house must go." We listened—the danger was confirmed—the trusted

wall was falling more and more rapidly. There we stood, perhaps fifty men; among them were wealth, and science, and mechanical skill, and brave hearts, but all were powerless with such a foe.

We went to the house, removed the family and goods to a place of safety, and came back to watch the flood. The stone-work was gone, and, like a gigantic plow, the river was cutting away the bank in huge slices. Nearer it came—undermined the dear old shade-trees and they fell—the ornamental fence and shrubbery followed. About four o'clock it struck one corner of the dwelling, swept out the foundation—it stood a moment, reeled for a moment, and toppled into the stream below—a moment more and it was broken to pieces! Daylight revealed a very picture of disaster. All was ruin—the lovely home gone—all gone save a few foundation stones. We realized that when "the voice of God was on the waters" vain was the skill of man.

What, then, must be the might of enraged ocean when the storm-spirit makes its depths to boil, rolls up its mountain waves, and dashes the mad surf against the shore? What shall abide that fearful rush? Man has vainly essayed to defend himself—old ocean laughs at his bulwarks and tosses his defenses like mere playthings. But what man can not do, the minute coral insect has done. Fast it anchors its foundation on the bed of the sea, and builds up and still up amidst its wildest storms and most violent dashings. Come when calm has succeeded storm. Lo the works of the infinitesimal polypi abide—the fleet is sunk, the pier is shattered, but the coral bulwark stands! And in pitying kindness it becomes the protector of man—surrounds his home in the deep with storm-doffing and century-abiding bulwarks.

Ay, it is true that old ocean teems with many-formed life. And so worthily sang a noble poet many centuries ago.

"O Lord! how manifold are thy works!  
In wisdom hast thou made them all;  
The earth is full of thy riches;  
So is this great and wide sea wherein  
Are things creeping innumerable,  
Both small and great beasts.

There go the ships:  
There is Leviathan whom thou hast made  
To play therein.  
These all wait upon thee, that thou  
Majest give them meat in due season."

Ocean is a great battle-field. War is always raging among its tribes. There is no booming artillery—no clashing swords—no shouting of captains or neighing of steeds. The work goes

on silently, but still that world below is like this world above—the strong pursue the weak, the weak in turn prey upon those less powerful, and they seek others still more feeble. Thus murder, and robbery, and violence are going on in the depths as well as on the surface. The genius of discord presides among them. Ishmaelites are they, those dwellers in the sea. Man is the common destroyer of all, from the whale and the shark to the gentle and minute shell-fish.

Remember that each ocean wave is instinct with life; that its flash is the phosphorescent gleam of its animalcula: and now tell me whence they derive their sustenance? Can we tell? Verily we can not, unless we answer with the Psalmist quoted above, "these all wait upon thee, that thou mayest give them meat in due season."

And what lessons of divine wisdom and beneficence do these manifold creatures teach us! Perfect skill is manifested in the organism of the most delicate vadioti, medusa, and polypi. And they are all perfectly adapted to the element in which they are placed. There are beings prepared to make their home in the tall alga, to shelter beside the slow-wrought coral masonry, to dwell beneath the iceberg, and shine and glitter amid the tropic seas.

Ay, in wisdom he made it all—in wisdom infinite and beneficent.

But there is human life upon the sea. Thousands go down in ships. They brave ocean's fiercest wayes, and sometimes brave them once too often. Do we remember there is redeemed life upon the wide waste of the sea? Do we ever reflect that each sloop and smack, as well as each proud ship and gallant schooner, bears a load of humanity deathless as the being of God, immortal as the ages of eternity?

What have we done to save the sailor? To lead him to Jesus and make him an heir of heaven?

As he stands by the forecastle, goes aloft among the rigging, or watches with eager eye the far-off beacon, has he not reason sadly to say, "No man careth for my soul!"



#### ON BRIDLING THE TONGUE.

RESOLVED, by the grace of God, never to speak much, lest I often speak too much; and not to speak at all, rather than to no purpose; always to make my tongue and heart go together, so as never to speak with the one what I do not think in the other; always to speak of other men's sins only before their faces, and of their virtues only behind their backs.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

#### HOW TO MAKE HOME INTOLERABLE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THERE are various methods of making home intolerable, which are usually found out without the aid of a recipe. But if any one wishes to know the secret, we venture to give a few hints, which may be useful—not by way of helping our readers to reduce them to practice, but rather with a view to their avoidance.

A common proverb makes a smoky chimney and a scolding wife the worst of domestic plagues. But there are worse than these. A smoky chimney shows there is a fireside at all events, and if the chimney smokes, it is the builder's and not the housewife's fault; and as for a scolding wife, why she may possibly teach her husband philosophy, as Xantippe did Socrates.

A dirty wife is far worse. A wife may scold, and yet be clean and thrifty. But a scolding slattern is a terrible nuisance at home, and very soon will succeed in making a home thoroughly intolerable for even the most pacific and contented dispositions.

If with dirt there be waste, the acme of discomfort will be reached. Money spent recklessly, and without any useful product of comfort—what is the end of this but poverty and vice?

And drink, the great cause of waste in poor men's houses—expenditure on that which not only wastes a man's substance, but ruins his moral and physical capacities, and we have reached a point of discomfort beyond which we can not go. Drink is the demon and the curse of tens of thousands of homes, which but for it might be happy.

But there are many minor sources of discomfort, which worry and fret impatient minds, and render homes thoroughly uncomfortable.

Ill-trained children, unaccustomed because untaught by early discipline to curb their little tempers, are a source of discomfort to many homes. The neglect, perhaps the ignorance, of mothers, themselves ill-disciplined in youth, is mainly to be blamed for this.

Ill-cooked meals—here is another source of discomfort—perhaps a small one. But not so small either. Bad cooking is waste; waste of money and loss of comfort. Whom God has joined in matrimony, ill-cooked joints of meat and ill-boiled potatoes have very often put asunder. There is, indeed, a sound economy which may be exercised by women in the culinary department, very much to the saving of their husband's purses as well as tempers. Among the

"common things" which educators would teach the working people, certainly this ought not to be overlooked. It is the commonest and yet most neglected of the branches of female education. Perhaps it is even thought beneath the dignity of being called "a branch" of education at all. But cooking, which really is the art, when properly cultivated, of making a little go a great way, is infinitely more valuable and important to the comfort of homes than tambour-work, crotchet, netting, or backstitch—not to speak of music and drawing. The art of cooking eclipses them all in point of value.

An unwholesome house is always uncomfortable. The atmosphere is depressing to the spirits, and it debilitates the frame. Its influence may not be felt or perceptible—excepting by our sense—that of smell—and yet it is most powerful. Even the temper becomes peevish and irritable; and the depression leads to a craving for stimulants, which in its turn leads to an aggravation of the evil. Children become querulous, sickly, and complaining; how can they be cheerful, breathing poisoned air, as they often do? The children cry, poor things, finding vent in tears and sobs; they are beaten, when they should be sent out in the open air, or, later in the evening, put to bed. And thus the home is made very uncomfortable.

These unfortunate children—how our heart pities them! Brought into the world helpless, they are left amidst the gloomy associations of depravity, dirt, and disease; and they hang about the sordid dwelling an infant brood, imparting no joy to the home—only so many gaping mouths to be fed—increasing its squalor and discomfort. Often they are cuffed and scolded for no fault of their own; the ill-temper engendered by dirt and drink is visited severely upon them. Tolerable tempers are made bad, and bad tempers are rendered cruel; and thus they grow up to mature years with the stamp of savage life upon them, without any idea of the comforts of home; familiar with the spectacle of habitual brutality and daily recurring vice.

In better circles homes may be made intolerable in other ways. Peevish and querulous tempers spoil the repose of many households. "Better is a dinner of herbs where peace is than a stalled ox with contention." There are people who are always making a fuss, and will not let you be quiet; these have the knack of making even dining and drawing-rooms intolerable. They are as unwholesome as even a room full of bad air could be. Moping and whining—discovering all manner of frets, and aches, and imaginary

woes—grumbling at the maids—finding cause of alarm in every thing—such people rarely fail in making homes intolerable, and driving forth those who had hoped for, and who were entitled to find, peace and repose therein.

#### MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

THERE are certain nouns with which notions of strength, vigor, and the like qualities, are more particularly connected; and these are the neuter substantives which are figuratively rendered masculine. On the other hand, beauty, amiability, and so forth, are held to invest words with a feminine character. Thus, the sun is said to be masculine, and the moon feminine. But for our own part—and our view is confirmed by the discoveries of astronomy—we believe that the sun is called masculine, from his supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine away as she does at night, when all quiet people are in bed; and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars besides. The moon, we think, is accounted feminine because she is thus maintained and kept up in her splendor, like a fine lady, by her husband, the sun. Furthermore, the moon is continually changing, on which account alone she might be referred to the feminine gender. The earth is feminine, tricked out as she is with gems and flowers. Cities and towns are likewise feminine, because there are as many windings, turnings, and little odd corners in them, as there are in the female mind. A ship is feminine, inasmuch as she is blown about by every wind. Virtue is feminine by courtesy. Fortune and misfortune, like mother and daughter, are both feminine. The Church is feminine, because she is married to the state, or married to the state because she is feminine—we do not know which. Time is masculine, because he is so trifled with by the ladies.

#### RELIGIOUS COAST TRADE.

It has been said that men carry on a kind of coasting trade with religion. In the voyage of life they profess to be in search of heaven, but take care not to venture so far in their approximations to it as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling views overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again when the storm is over. Humiliating acknowledgment is this, but its truth is too obvious to admit of denial or controversy.

## A CHAPTER ON FLORAL SUPERSTITIONS.

BY MRS. C. A. WHITE.

IT is difficult, at a first glance, to comprehend how superstition could ever have mingled its shadows with these fair ornaments of earth—these sun-loving surface-dwellers on heaths and hill-sides—these playthings and insignia of childhood and festivity! We can only surmise, in the instance of flowers, as in that of precious stones, that the belief in their magical properties must have originated in the polytheism of the ancients, which, subsequent to the dying out of the pure *theism* of the pre-Arkites, appears to have permeated more or less the religion of all races of men, and to have gradually extended the idea of divinity from the two great luminaries to every object in nature that they shone upon, till woods, and streams, and mountains became imbued with celestial attributes; and the climax of this idealization of nature was reached, when the ancient Romans gave to every faculty of mind and body, every object in the material, every supposititious property of the imaginary world, a presiding deity, and good or evil influences.

The peculiar consecration of flowers in all the religious rites of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans—the dedication of certain kinds of them to individual divinities—of the red rose to Venus; of the white to Cybele; of the lily to Juno; of corn-flowers and poppies to Ceres, and nodding daffodils to Proserpine; of the bay-tree to Apollo; of the olive to Minerva; of the oak to Jupiter—whom the Gauls are said to have worshiped under this form—of the vine and ivy to Bacchus; of the sacred vervain to every altar, whether raised in honor of the celestial or infernal deities—are so many proofs of the antiquity of the veneration in which the floral and sylvan offspring of the earth were held. And to this semi-religious feeling, conjoined to the knowledge of their medical virtues, we may doubtless refer the occult powers ascribed to many species even in comparatively modern times.

The classic poets, from Homer down to Virgil and Horace, abound with allusions to the use of plants in magic spells and incantations; and reference is constantly made to the same attributes by the early writers on natural history and herb-alism.

The introduction of many of the Roman rites and ceremonies into the Christian Church, continued the religious use of flowers, and conserved, to the dark and ignorant multitude, the idea of their sacred properties and potency as medical

charms and spells against almost all sorts of imaginary evils.

The spring and summer festivals and processions, which made almost a continual holiday in the streets of the Imperial City during the floral season, had their reflections in every town and village of Great Britain at the same period of the year. The Lent lilies that garlanded the shrine of the Virgin at Candlemas, had shone, of old, at the Anthespura of the Greeks, and on Roman altars in honor of Ceres' search for Proserpine, whose flying footsteps she had tracked upon Mount *Ætna* by these scattered blossoms; the Ambervalia had its type in the processions of Rogation week; the Flora lia lived again upon Mayday; and though St. Winefred might claim the well-dressings in the lake country, the Naiades of old had worn her chaplets.

Far from repudiating the ceremonies and superstitions connected with flowers, Catholicism nursed them for her own, and each particular plant, sacred in Pagan times to the presiding auspices of one or other of the Olympian powers, was passed over, with all its antique attributes, to the credit of some canonized name upon the Romish calendar.

The monks transcribed to their manuscripts the fables of the ancients, which their credulity, in the absence of practical knowledge, made them accept as truths, and thus—becoming mingled with the traditions of the people—the marvels of Pliny, though sometimes shrewdly queried by old Gerarde, were not all discredited even at a later date.

Perhaps a higher degree of antiquity appertains to the use of vervain—*verbena officinalis*—in religious ceremonies, than to any other plant we know of. In Pagan times, not only were its solitary stems, with their deep-cut leaves and slender spikes of grayish flowers, gathered for the use of the “sprinklers,” who commenced the sacred rites of the Romans by sprinkling the altar and sacrifice with consecrated water, but wreaths of it were made for the priests, and brooms and garlands for the altar; it also chapleted the necks of the victims, and crowned the sacred *fecialis* who proclaimed war or peace. In all likelihood, it was equally venerated by the Egyptians, in whose temples the Druids are said to have studied theology and medicine; for we find the vervain consecrated to the same purposes in Britain, at a period antecedent to its invasion by the Romans. So sacred was it held by these priests of the plains and forests, that an oblation was poured out on the earth before depriving her of it; and it was dug in the center of a sword-

drawn circle, with many other solemn ceremonies. In a medical treatise, not a hundred years old, I find this root recommended to be worn by persons suffering of scrofula, with a yard of white satin ribbon, round the neck.

Among the ancient Greeks, who dedicated it to Venus the Victorious, it was known as the "sacred herb;" and a custom existed, not long since, in some of the German valleys, of presenting a bride with a hat made of vervain, to ward off ill-luck, and insure its contrary. With a similar intention, but in a more general way, another classic plant is made use of by the peasants of Magna Græcia, who never present a nosegay which does not contain the leaves or blossom of moly, because this plant—by means of which, Homer tells us, Ulysses escaped the spells of Circe—is still regarded by popular superstition as a charm.

The religious veneration paid to the mistletoe by the ancient Gauls and Britons, is too well known to require notice; it was in all cases gathered with closed eyes—when neither moon nor sun shone; a golden sickle was used in cutting it, and care was taken to receive it in a cloth held for the purpose, that it might not come in contact with the earth. The Druids used it medicinally, and tradition appears to have perpetuated the belief in its virtues, for it subsequently received the name of *lignum sancta crucis*, and was deemed efficacious in removing epilepsy, averting the *evil eye*, and preserving from many dangers; little sigils and crosses were made of it, and worn with these intentions; and a remnant of the superstition still exists in many parts of England.

Beads of the root of "our lady's seal," as white briony was formerly called, are worn at the present day as an anodyne; and though men no longer believe, as did the ancient Greeks, in the divine origin of the peony—nor imagine that at night it shines with moon-like splendor, a floral reflex of the orb from which it was supposed to emanate—nor wear its fascicled roots by way of spell, to ward off evil spirit, and avert tempests—nor plant it in their gardens to preserve them from all injuries—faint vestiges of its use as a charm may be traced in the necklaces made of the root of the male plant in every apothecary's window in England, and which are in high esteem with many a village nurse and mother to hang about the necks of children when teething, to preserve them from convulsions, and assist, as it is believed, dentition.

Nor is it in such instances only, that the ancient faith in the powers of the vegetable world, when

used as "charms and knots," still survives. It was a custom with some of the Greek women to hold palm branches in their hands in order to procure an easy delivery; and Mrs. Starke tells us that a superstition analogous to this obtains, at the present day, in Tuscany, where, "when the peasant's sposa is taken in labor, the husband, after procuring medical help, deems it his next duty to get some of what is denominated the 'life-giving plant'—*aleatrie* the peasants call it—which he places on her bed, and without which he believes his child could not be born."

In brief, there is no exigence of life that had not its floral spell or counter-charm. There grew by every wayside herbs of grace, in which men had faith to ward off mental griefs and physical ailments; nor was their potency less efficacious to the credulous understandings of by-gone times, where elementary and supernatural powers were concerned; lightning and storms, witchcraft and accident, might be controlled by means of them; while, on the other hand, henbane and aconite, mandragora and hemlock, with many others—mostly Saturnine plants—"digged in the dark," or "found by Phœbe's light, with brazen sickles reaped at noon of night," were deemed of consequence to magic rites, and could work mischief in the hands of witches of the most baleful nature. Nor had the tradition of their potency died out when Shakspeare and Ben Johnson wrote; both poets frequently refer to the belief, and quote by name some of these herbs of evil reputation.

The yellow-horned poppy figures in the witches' calendar; they gather its gilded flowers, sickle-shaped pods, and pale green glaucus leaves, damp with storm-spray, from lonely sea-shores, at the dead of night, and from its roots compressed juices which occasioned madness; the mullein, with its large leaves underlined with wool, and staff-like stem, and clustered spike of flowers; the *flamma* of the Greeks, who burnt it in lamps; the *candelaria* of the Latins, who dipped its tall stalks in suet to burn at funerals, and which, from being used in the same way in England, obtained the name of "high taper," was another famous plant with the enchanters; vervain, and yew, and cypress, were also used in incantations, with almost every other dark-hued evergreen, and herbs of poisonous and narcotic qualities. No wonder that in these days, when it was presumed that every malevolent hag might gather spells as housewives did their salads by the waysides, that counter-charms abounded, and that the credulous many comforted themselves by wearing about them, and hanging up in their abodes,

certain boughs or blossoms of "powerful grace," to preserve themselves, their dwellings, fields, and cattle. The black hellebore, or Christmas rose, ranks among the most ancient of these floral counter-charms; long before its name bore reference to the winter festival of Christianity, it was used by the ancients to purify and hallow their dwellings; the ceremony of strewing or decking their apartments with it was performed with great devotion, and accompanied with solemn hymns; its presence was supposed to drive away demons, and they also blessed their cattle with it to preserve them from spells.

In England, St. John's wort was used with precisely similar intentions; but the tradition of its virtues came by way of Rome; for, according to Pliny, it was known in his time under the name of "*Fuga Daemonum*," possibly on account of its medical uses in cases of melancholy and distraction, which diseases in these times subjected their victim to the imputation of being possessed. Jeremy Taylor, in his "Dissuasions from Popery," refers to the use of this plant by the priests. "They are to try the devil by holy water, incense, sulphur, *rue*"—which from thence, as we suppose, came to be called herb of grace—and especially St. John's wort, which therefore they call "devil's flight;" this reference shows how literally Catholicism had translated its Latin name. In Ireland it is annually gathered on the eve of St. John, dipped in holy water, and hung up in the dwellings of the peasantry to preserve them from sickness, witchcraft, and spirits. In France and Germany we read that the same custom obtains among the rustic population, who gather it with great ceremony, and place it in their windows as a charm against thunder-storms and evil spirits.

It was an axiom with the believers in floral sigils, that "witches have no power where there's wood of the rowen tree;" hence herdsmen and farmers were careful to hang up branches of the ash in their barns and stock-yards, and to plant it in their hedge-rows, and on a certain day of the year their flocks and cattle were made to pass through hoops or under arches made of its boughs; withes of woodbine were also used for the same purpose; and in Germany, in the time of *Tragus*, garlands of blue night-shade were hung about the necks of cattle to preserve them from the evil eye and witchcraft.

The fumitory, with its jagged leaves of a bluish sea-green hue, and lax spikes of small flowers, made, as Culpepper quaintly describes them, "like little birds of a reddish purple color," received its name from being burnt by exorcists in

their adjurations. Garlic was formerly used by miners in the Hartz mountains to keep off the gnomes and demons of the mines; a root which at the present day is found in every Turkish house, is a charm to avert the evil eye.

Plowman's spikenard was another plant that prevailed against enchantments; Virgil mentions it in his seventh Eclogue, under the name of *Baccharis*: an ointment was made of the root to rub the forehead with. In many cases, however, where plants were esteemed for their magical properties, it was sufficient to bear them about one, to insure their protective influence; and, accordingly, the anemone that opened its gray or purple petals to the winds of March, was gathered and worn, wrapped in scarlet, as a preservation from pestilence, till pasque flowers bloomed again. The hypochondriac in those days found a charm in the root of the melancholy thistle, which "made a man merry as a cricket," if worn about him, and cured him, we are told, by sympathy, of all care, sadness, fear, envy, and despair—it was, indeed, for him *cardus benedictus*!

These were times in which the most reckless hunter might insure the safety of his neck, by means of the heart-shaped leaves and radiant flowers of *doronicum*, or leopard's bane—a marvelous preservative in perilous places! and when he might also defend himself from the stings of serpents and other venomous beasts, by simply eating the leaves or root of viper's bugloss, the speckled stem of which and gaping blossoms bore, according to the old herbalists, a patent of remedy from nature herself, coming, as it did, into their category of *signaturea plantarum*. This belief in the iconism of plants is another curious branch of our subject; thus, the pearl trefoil, as it was anciently designated—from the white spot in its leaf, which was fancifully thought to resemble a pearl—was deemed effectual to remove that contrivance of the foul fiend, the disease of the "pin and web," or pearl in the eye, which Shakespeare speaks of. Another species of the same plant was supposed to defend the heart from spleen and poison, because such leaf contains, we are told, "the perfect icon of a heart, and that in its own proper color, namely, flesh color." How strange a phase of the human mind such traditions exhibit—by how much must the powers of imagination have exceeded the reasoning faculties in these peculiar periods of credulity, which research shows us that all the nations of the earth have passed through!

But we have not yet come to the end of our illustrations. Possibly, on account of its dedication to Apollo, the bay-tree was held in great

esteem by the ancients, who planted it near their dwellings to preserve them from lightning and enchantments; for, according to Mizaldus, neither witch nor demon, thunder nor lightning, could hurt a man where it stood. The fig-tree was said to possess a similar immunity from the blighting elements, and was also so pacific in its effects that the most violent animal, when fastened to it, became docile and appeased; a virtue from which the "loose strife" also received its name—insomuch that it used to be laid on the yokes of restive cattle to calm them.

In Pliny's time mignonette, under its name of *reseda*, was used by the Romans as a charm to allay the irritation of wounds; and he has left us the form of words with which the application was accompanied, to insure its remedial effect. A very curious relic of this faith in floral charms still exists in Ireland, where the cherished patch of houseleek on the thatched roof conveys to the poor inhabitants a feeling of more comforting security than the plate of a fire insurance company, from which element they regard it as a preservative.

Anciently the pretty cyclamen was cultivated in houses, not for its beauty or its perfume, but as a protection against poison. Perhaps one of the most curious superstitions on record with regard to plants, is that connected in the western nations with the

"Basil tuft that waves  
Its fragrant blossoms over graves,"

and which Keats's poem has touched with such pathetic interest. Sacred with the Hindoos, and used by them in their religious ceremonies—prized by the Greeks, as a counter charm to venom—and used by the Egyptian women as a funeral herb to strew the sepulchers of the dead. In England many persons refused to admit it in their gardens, because if thrown upon the simplest approach to a hot-bed, it was supposed to produce venomous beasts; and, according to Culpepper, one Hillrius, a French physician, went farther than this, and affirmed that the mere smelling of it bred scorpions in the brain. The Greeks, in planting it, were wont to get up an affected quarrel, with the singular idea that it grew the stronger for being set amidst angry words and railings.

Moonwort was another powerful herb, with the mischievous faculties of drawing off the shoes of horses and unlocking doors, and in the early part of the eighteenth century was known by the name of "unshoe the horse" in country places. "Besides," says the author of "The English Physician enlarged," "I have heard commanders

say that on Whitedown, in Devonshire, near Tiverton, there were found thirty horseshoes pulled off from the feet of the Earl of Essex his horses, being there drawn up in a body, many of them being but newly shod, and no reason known, which caused much admiration; and the herb described usually grows upon heaths."

With the aid of this vegetable picklock, at the very presence of which doors flew open, burglary to the initiated must have been a very easy process, especially if hound's tongue grew in the vicinity, the soft, dark hairy leaves of which, or the racemes of its dull red flowers, if laid beneath the feet, hindered the dogs from barking at him who wore it. But, if to these charms could have been added fern seed—the presumed impossibility of finding which had resulted in the belief that he who did so walked invisible—no "gentleman of the shade," or "minions of the moon"—under whose dominion, by the way, and that of Mercury, these herbs were held—could have desired a more perfect panoply in the strength of which to practice his profession.

#### WE SHALL SEE IN HEAVEN.

"MOTHER," said a sweet, blind girl, "shall I see in heaven?" "Yes, dear," and her eyes filled with tears, and her voice choked with emotion; "we shall all see in heaven, there will be no darkness there."

As the words of the young girl fell upon my ear my heart responded, Yes, we shall see in heaven; and my mind reverted to the past, with its lights and shadows, and even penetrated into the future, even to the time when darkness shall be made light, and hidden things be revealed; and my soul reveled in glorious anticipations, till the trials of earth dwindled into insignificance, and the words, "we shall see in heaven," seemed as a sort of talisman to cheer me amid earth's cares and sorrows. Christian pilgrim, doth the hand of the Lord seem heavy? "Do friends forsake and foes prevail?" Hath the worldly substance, for which thou hast spent many an anxious thought, melted away like dew before the sun? Canst not thou see now? Walk carefully. Hereafter thou shalt see in heaven; and earth's burden being dropped rest will be all the sweeter. The green grass waves over the grave of the fair blind girl; but when assailed by trials from without, or temptations from within, I seem to hear a voice saying, "Shall we see in heaven?" and to my troubled heart comes the sweet response, "We shall see in heaven; there will be no darkness there."

## THOUGHTS OF HOME—FROM FAR AWAY.

BY REV. J. W. WHITE.

SWEET HOME! I see thee still—upon the east  
 There sits thy sunny little lake! from out  
 Whose glassy waves, when but a tiny boy,  
 I've hooked the shiner, salmon, trout, and perch;  
 More pleased and proud than when, in after life,  
 Angling, I caught earth's fleeting wealth and fame.  
 Thy orchard, too, with many a goodly tree,  
 Their bending branches full of tempting fruit,  
 Mellowed and ripened by an autumn sun;  
 I've sought with those most dear, who, now alas!  
 Are sundered far by mount, and grave, and sea:  
 Thy meadows, too, and fields of golden grain,  
 Waving a welcome to the reaper's hand,  
 And verdant pastures, fresh and green, and full  
 Of lowing herds, and flocks of bleating sheep,  
 In quiet resting on the sunny knolls,  
 Or drinking from the never-failing spring,  
 Or rippling brooks, its banks bedeck'd with flowers,  
 Which give new power to a loving heart;  
 And then thy forests, stretching to the west,  
 In mighty hemlocks clad, whose burly trunks,  
 And long majestic arms proclaim their rank,  
 And goodly cedars—with a heart of red—  
 And graceful white pines, waving in the wind—  
 And fir-trees, beauteous in their modest pride—  
 And noble spruce-trees, with their silvery shafts—  
 And junipers, whose ill-formed, crooked knees  
 Are sought for ships, by men whose lives are spent  
 In many perils on the broad, blue sea—  
 All these are evergreens, and fadeless stand  
 Mid the mutations of the passing year.  
 And there the ivy, too, came creeping up  
 To twine its tendrils 'round the little shrub,  
 Which had withstood cold winter's chilling blast,  
 But died amid the smiles of summer's sun.  
 True emblem thou of love sincere, which dies  
 Not with a friend; but ever living, loves  
 To linger near his grave and scatter flowers.  
 And there the granite rock—imbedded deep,  
 Which saw revolving spheres begin their march  
 Obedient to their Maker's great behest,  
 And which shall see the sunset of the world's  
 Last day! in pride doth rear its giant head—  
 And velvet moss, which loves a sterile home,  
 Its massive boughs deck with silken locks—  
 So Gospel graces sinful hearts have robed  
 In faith, and hope, and holy, humble love,  
 Beneath the cross of Christ! Then angel bands,  
 With mighty wings, have borne them home to God;  
 But dearer far to me yon little grave,  
 Where Joseph, sweet companion of my youth  
 Finds quiet rest from all earth's ills and tears  
 Methinks I see it now, though years have pass'd  
 Since I, with measured steps, trod on, amid  
 The ranks of those who gently laid him there.  
 My parents wept; brothers and sisters wept;  
 My heart did anguish feel; and yet no tears  
 My eyes did shed upon his new-made grave.  
 There is a grief the heart alone must bear;

Nor eye, nor pen, nor friend may sympathize;  
 Its home is in the soul. Such grief was mine  
 When thou, dear brother, found an early grave.  
 In after years I saw that grave again,  
 And swelling rose-buds cluster'd sweetly o'er  
 The precious dust which gave them rapid growth;  
 Beauty from mold'ring ashes blushing sprang,  
 And life look'd lovely by the home of death.

## THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THERE is a music soft and low,  
 That dwelleth in the soul,  
 And ever there in secrecy  
 Its untaught numbers roll.

It hath no words, but O it bears  
 The raptured soul along,  
 As though the atmosphere around  
 Were tremulous with song!

It hath a wilder, sweeter sound  
 Than all earth's melodies;  
 Its dwelling-place is in the heart,  
 Its birthplace in the skies.

And like a far-off anthem swell,  
 It chimeth ever there;  
 And on its unseen wing it bears  
 The burden of a prayer.

All through the long and weary day  
 Its dreamy murmurs flow,  
 Chanting afar within the soul  
 A requiem, sad and low.

The eye may flash with angry light,  
 The lip wear falsehood's smile;  
 Yet the sad music of the soul  
 Swells softly all the while.

Forever sweeping through the heart,  
 Those holy murmurings are  
 Unheard, but felt, as melodies  
 Roll on from star to star.

When Night, the solemn, dewy-eyed,  
 Calls the lone soul to prayer,  
 Then all earth's music melts away  
 Like discord on the air;

And in its dim cathedral sits  
 The dark and troubled soul,  
 And, wondering, hears through nave and aisle,  
 Its own wild music roll.

O very dear to earth-worn hearts,  
 Are those wild heaven-born lays;  
 Fresh from our spirit-home they come  
 And teach us love and praise!

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
 Holding the eternal spirit against her will,  
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

## THE ROBIN'S REQUIEM TO DEPARTING DAY.

BY REV. T. STOWE.

"And there's the mock-bird with its varied song,  
Exalted sits, and pours its notes along;  
With mimic art, derides the feathery race,  
And clothes its satire with unoffending grace."

OLD MANUSCRIPT.

WE have in North America three kinds of birds that so vary their notes in singing as to secure to themselves the appellation of mock-birds.

Of these the thrush takes the lead in mellifluousness of tone and perfection of interval and imitation. Her strains are touchingly sweet, because simple and natural.

The cat-bird—so called from the likeness of its cry, when disturbed in the vicinity of its nest, to the mew of a kitten—has a note in singing ingeniously varied, though not pleasantly sonorous.

But of all the deeply touching strains heard from the feathery songsters, the "robin's requiem to departing day" is the most beautifully moving. It is, indeed, melting, because of its inimitably sweet pensiveness. The admirer of nature could not do otherwise than experience deep emotion while listening to it. And then the lay is performed under so appropriate circumstances of time and place; and is so different in style and composition from what he exhibits on other occasions and in other places, where his lay is remarkably sprightly and animating; so much so, that in passing over certain portions of his song he appears to become perfectly intoxicated with joy. For these animating displays of his musical powers he chooses the open field, and an elevation upon the dried spur that is frequently seen extending above the tufted foliage that surrounds the trunk of some top-blasted oak, while his red breast glows in the light of a forenoon or mid-afternoon sun.

But his mournful requiem he rarely performs other than at the close of day; beginning a little before sunset, and frequently extending to the middle of twilight. He chooses invariably a scene suitable to the style of composition—the skirt of a wood, where the shades deepen as sunlight retires, and is always concealed in the thickest and most elevated foliage, never permitting his fair form to be visible. His lay is made up of regular *anapestic* feet, from which measure it rarely varies, unless at the commencement, where he throws in an occasional animated passage, corresponding to the style of his afternoon glee, that he has performed in the open field so cheerily. But as he proceeds he settles down in his song to that sweet pensiveness so

appropriate to closing day and the passing away of light. I have listened long to the mournful strain, as time would permit, but have never been weary in listening. Sing on, thou sweet bird; the dreams of life are passing. And as to thy sweetly lingering lay succeeds the stillness of night, so to the busy turmoils of life shall succeed the silence of death. And wilt thou then chant thy lone "requiem" over the spot, where low in the dust forgotten my weary head shall lie?

## THE INTENSITY OF MODERN LIFE.

BY M. E. FRY.

SUCH is the impetuosity and intense anxiety with which we of the present day pursue every object capable of attracting our attention or enlisting our sympathies, and on such an extensive scale do we transact the daily concerns and business of life, that the thing moderation is all but unknown among us, and the word itself seems in danger of being obliterated from our vocabulary; for in all our undertakings nothing appears to stop us, nothing to satisfy us, short of a grand consummation or a stupendous failure. To such a degree of perfection have we brought science in the mental, and machinery in the mechanical world under our control, so completely have they become our agents, with such speed and precision do they act for us on all necessary occasions, that what our fathers did in a lifetime we, with a degree of impatience, perform in scarce a day. Indeed, so completely intensified has modern life become in every nerve, muscle, and particle of its being, that it is not unfrequently its own destroyer. It pervades all ranks and occupies all minds, till it has become, as it were, a vital part of the mental atmosphere in which the mind exists; and look in whatever direction we may, we shall every-where see this fire of intensity burning, and ceaselessly gathering into an immense crucible every thing within its reach.

It is this that is condensing the world of the present day into the smallest possible compass. Not that we have less habitable territory than in times of old; nay, we have discovered continents and explored lands which our fathers in ancient days never dreamed of; we have gone forth to the nations sitting in darkness and obscurity, and given to them freely the knowledge and arts of civilized life, and thus added strength and numbers to the human family. For just so often as we rescue a nation from heathenism and barbarity, giving them a language, a literature, and Christianity, just so often have we strengthened

the bulwarks of our race—just so often have we condensed another particle into the one great whole.

It is the spirit of intensity that has gone forth annihilating space, condensing time, and bringing into a mentally visible circle the remotest parts of the world, by means of railroads, steamships, and telegraphic lines. We have only to compare for a moment the isolated condition of the grand divisions of the globe some few centuries back with our present social position, to comprehend what an astonishing advancement has been made toward concentration. And this not merely in a commercial point of view; no, it penetrates every department of life, cementing into one bond the mental, moral, and physical welfare of the entire human species. China, India, and the isles of the ocean are no longer far-off lands, from which we may occasionally glean a moiety of information; they are at our doors; their interests and ours are fast becoming one; their peace and prosperity every-day topics at our own firesides. It is thus, with the strength of a threefold cord, that this mighty power is silently but surely uniting into one family the scattered nations of the globe, when for the councils of war there shall be a congress of peace, and for the darkness and idolatry of heathenism the light and glory of the religion of the cross!

Again: it is this all-pervading intensity, this ceaseless condensation, that is fast converging even the languages of the world into prescribed limits; and till a more general universality of language—whether written or spoken—does take place, there will be a certain amount of restraint among mankind, that must in a measure retard their progress. Let it not be supposed we are affirming, that some one language is to absorb all the rest so entirely that they will be numbered as dead, although even this may not be impossible in the lapse of years to come. But some language will vastly predominate, will be the great medium for the transaction and accomplishment of the world's momentous affairs; and that language, without doubt, is the Anglo-Saxon. And it is not from partiality or prejudice that we name it, but from a firm conviction, that, if ever there is to be, in any great degree, a universally written or spoken tongue, this is the one pointed out by the hand of Providence. Even now the nations using it are far in the ascendant scale of intellectual life. In civil and religious freedom they have reached an enviable height, to which enslaved millions are looking with longing eyes and fixed determinations; they are publishing the highest and purest form of revealed religion;

they are holding in their hands the balance of the wealth, the learning, and commerce of the globe; in short, they seem even now to have already grasped the materials for the consummation of the world's perfection.

Besides this *active* intensity on all sides visible, there is, if the expression be allowed, an under current of *passive* intensity, mingling with and coloring the individuality of every-day life, and none the less intense because in a measure invisible. We see it in the restless exiled patriot, whose hands are, indeed, tied by the oppressor, but his brain-work and heart-yearnings cease not, his affections can not die, nor his patriotism grow cold; he still lives and waits in hope of the good opportunity to come; he listens eagerly for the watchword to be given; *then* there will be action, recompense to his enemies, and freedom for his children. And we see it again in some downtrodden land—perchance an Italy, watched by Austrian spies and silenced by Austrian bayonets, in the hearts of whose sons burns a suppressed volcano, needing, perhaps, but the hand of a Mazzini or Father Gavazzi to fan it into a consuming fire.

And in those immediately around us this spirit is more or less apparent in all their thoughts, actions, and labors, from the princely merchant, laborious student, and untiring politician, down to the sons and daughters of want, the burden of whose thought is, "From whence cometh bread for the morrow?" The merchant, banker, and speculator are each so intensely devoted to the business of increasing their wealth, of adding thousands to the thousands already accumulated, and become so absorbed in their respective occupations, that every thing else seems lost and swallowed up in the one idea of multiplication. Nor is the student, trimming his midnight lamp, scarcely less intent on securing a conspicuous seat in the temple of fame. The ambitious politician is straining every nerve to advance himself to some enviable place, some exalted station, whence his name shall descend to future generations in his country's history.

But what of the poor—the unknown poor, wrapped in the mantle of poverty, and fed with the unsatisfying crumbs of desire? Can you think for a moment to compare *them* with the great and rich of the world? Is there aught of intensity in their obscure lives? Yes, the superlative of intensity—the intensity of suffering, of want, of privation, in all its forms. The necessity of toiling that others may live in ease, of working that others may grow rich on their labors; to rise early and retire late; to eat daily

the bread of carefulness; to know that the morning and noon of life have been spent in unrequited labor; to glance into the dim future, and behold the wants and feebleness of age still unprovided for; and, finally, to have proved again and again that even life itself may be destroyed in the vain effort to support life! This is intensity such as your men of the world know nothing of; it is the offspring of necessity, while theirs is at best but that of desire or inclination; and, moreover, it is so unheeded, so invisible to the eye of the world's vast majority, that its wail of suffering goes by unheard, its deeds unrecorded, its history unwritten!

But to return. These are only a very few of the things which go to make up what may be called the intensity of modern life; and of these few, it is only in reference to their present state that we have sketched them slightly and glanced at them hurriedly. The dim and distant future, like a glorious land, wrapped in the mists of morning, lies yet untouched. What the coming noon and evening may disclose, no one can now foresee, much less foretell; it is a mysterious problem of time—only a small portion each day can be truly solved, and no more. And therefore we close without so much as venturing to pass the threshold of this vast temple, dedicated to the labors and energies of every-day life. For if, even of the ever-living present, one should enter into any thing like detail, or attempt to give the subject what in justice it barely demands, it would require a volume; for it is a subject of vast magnitude, even if we do but view it in its present aspect, comparing in imagination the present with the days of old. But to glance a few centuries in advance, supposing progression in the future shall equal that of the past, and the mind fails at once to comprehend what would then be the probable condition of mankind. A late correspondent in the *Western Christian Advocate*—F. C. Holliday—justly observes, “That if human life is abbreviated, it is intensified; fifty years in the nineteenth century being equal to hundreds of years in the days of the patriarchs.” If this be so—and who that sees and reflects can doubt it?—at what an astonishing rate do we move! with what velocity are we nearing the point of earthly perfection! Do we not, indeed, seem at last to have reached those days, in which the prophet foretold “many should run to and fro, and knowledge should increase?” And if what we are daily witnessing is only the beginning, what shall the end thereof be? Is there any prophet can answer for us?

## MISCELLANEOUS READING.

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

THAT we may keep within proper limits, let us confine ourselves to two inquiries: How shall we read? and why? And, first, how? My answer is, with scrutiny, reflection, and appropriation.

I say with scrutiny. And this remark is not unnecessary, for often a book is used to dissipate weariness, fill up a vacant hour, or direct our attention from subjects which might lead us to laborious thought. That there are occasions when books may properly be used in this way I do not deny; but books suitable for *such* purposes hardly deserve that name: let them be ranked with toys—well enough for the child, the valitudinarian, the wayworn, and the poor, bewildered one who wanders on the brink of derangement. I speak now of *serious* reading, which ought always to be an exercise of thought. If you find your mind unengaged, lay your book down, lest you form a habit of mental supineness. If it is of great importance, take it up again, but not till you have called your soul to account for its listlessness. Many often read even the Bible merely to satisfy a tender conscience, or conform to a commendable habit, till at length it produces no more impression upon them than blank paper. If they were to pause, search, study, *pray*, over each verse, or if they were to read it in the original language, especially if they were under the necessity of tracing words to their roots, of declining nouns and conjugating verbs, it would be a new revelation to them.

To read with scrutiny implies attention—an active, fixed, penetrating state of mind, which should be directed to the words, the thoughts, the object, and the spirit of the author. We can not apprehend ideas without understanding words, for it is only by words that we can either think or receive thought, or convey it. Many who read words which they can not define suppose they understand them, more especially if such words are familiar to them. They may, indeed, by a sort of instinct, and they may not. If they do, it is only by supplying conjecturally the words not defined. In matters of importance it behooves us to be *sure* that we are right. Most words have *synonyms*; but if they have been correctly used, they can not well be exchanged for others. Let us see that we give to each word not merely the right meaning, but the right *shade* of meaning. And here you will mark one of the great advantages of classical study; it directs attention closely to words;

it qualifies us to trace their relations; it habituates to scan their uses. You will not infer that we are to define all our words, but that we are to be *capable* of defining them. We must attend to *construction*, no less than words. The same words may be arranged so as to convey truth, or falsehood, or nothing at all, of which we have many examples in the responses of heathen oracles. How often do we read on carelessly! If we understand, very well; if not, just as well; if we get a meaning that satisfies us, what matter whether it is our own or the author's! How differently do lawyers read deeds and wills, replications and declarations, statutes and decisions; the doting of an *i* or the tense of a verb may make all the difference between defeat and victory. They relate in classic story that a client returned to his lawyer a speech that he had written for him to read to the jury, saying that when he first read it he thought it perfect; when he read it the second time he began to doubt; and when he read it the third time he thought it miserably poor. "You fool," said the lawyer, "are you going to read it to the jury three times?" Most authors write for the world's *first* reading, and the world rarely gives them a second. In general, books are read superficially; if addressed to the imagination and the passions, because it is *useless* to fathom them; if addressed to the reason, because it is *difficult* to do so; if of irreligious character, because they fall in with the current of human thought and feeling; and if of opposite tendency, because they are unwelcome to the heart. How many sublime passages in the prophets, the Psalms, the evangelists, are of no meaning, because we do not make ourselves acquainted with their force! Let us give every book a third reading, or, at least, its equivalent, before a final passage. Hence, it would be well for us to have always upon the table an English dictionary, and a Biographical, a Geographical, and a Scientific one, that we may understand the allusions and feel the full power of the author. A good book read with constant references, whenever necessary, to maps, history, and authority, is worth a cart-load read superficially; it exercises our highest faculties, extends the circle of our information, and revives, deepens, and applies knowledge previously acquired. From the ideas of the author we must ascend to his design. Many have read Homer's *Illiad*, for example, without ever comprehending its purpose; yet it is not till we see the lesson it is designed to impress—the importance of fraternal union—that we can fully appreciate the great poet's power. How can we judge of a book

without considering the intention with which each illustration, argument, deduction, and figure is introduced, and the relation it bears to the writer's ultimate purpose? A thing absolutely strong may be relatively weak; a thing absolutely impotent may be relatively mighty; a strong chain may be rendered useless by one missing link; a feeble beam may become powerful, if it leap out of the timber in answer to the stone that cries out of the wall. Nor should we fail to consider the *spirit* of the author—the habitual nature of his feelings, and their particular state when he penned his production. Thus the spirit of Shakspere is genial; of Young, gloomy; of Milton, grave; of Byron, bitter and malignant. Yet no one of them has written all his works in the same mood. Compare, for example, the *Don Juan* and the *Hebrew Melodies*. Without appreciating the spirit of an author we can neither understand the meaning, nor measure the intensity, nor fix the comprehension, which we should ascribe to his expressions. The same words are of far different meaning and force in the mouth of anger and the mouth of love; the same phrase in Solomon's Song and Moore's *Melodies* might inspire feelings as different as would an angel in light and a woman in scarlet. There is one book which, in consequence of its antiquity, its pre-eminent importance, and its inspiration, should be read with *special* aids; that is, commentaries. I refer now to such as are critical; of which Adam Clarke's is a fine example, though, like the sun, it has spots. There are separate commentaries on particular portions of Scripture which will generally be found better than any universal one. I wish we had writers who had done for other books of the Bible what Lowth has for *Isaiah* and Home for the *Psalms*. The diffuse commentaries, abounding in reflections which had better come from your own mind, you will generally find watery; you may obtain ideas from them after long waiting, but they will not be your own, and they will be received in a distended and weakened mind. Educated men often read the Bible better without commentaries. Let them have a good Bible dictionary and a work on *Archaeology*; an acquaintance with the original tongues, and with ancient history and geography, and they need not fail to find the meaning of holy oracles. Moreover, they will study with a mind more awakened, more independent, more cautious, more critical, and more reverential, too, as the principal and the auxiliary, the divine and the human, will not be so intimately blended. Were commentaries all destroyed, the Bible would become a California,

where every man, assured there was gold, would wash his own sand.

To *scrutiny* should succeed *reflection*. We should not only examine surfaces, but penetrate, revolve, evolve, separate, compare, combine, till "out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness." We should seek not merely for the melody of the cadences and the beauty of the images, but the validity of the judgments, the weight of the matter, the value of the conclusions, the additional illustrations and arguments by which the statements and reasonings might be corroborated, the relation which the facts bear to our previous knowledge, and the various uses to which the information imparted may be applied; or, on the other hand, the exceptions which have been omitted, the blunders which have been committed, the inconsistencies into which the author has fallen, and the inapplicability of his subject to useful purposes. A book read with reflection is like the imaginary gold concealed in the vineyard of fable, which, causing the possessors to dig deep all over their grounds, formed in them habits of eager industry, and gave to their soil an unsuspected productiveness. Men too often, either from a want of information or want of independence, from an overweening confidence in the author or an incorrigible indolence in themselves, from an unpardonable haste or an unfortunate weakness, receive all that they read. Such minds are like human life, never in one stay. Their philosophy is grass; in the morning it cometh up and flourisheth; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. If you would know their present state of mind, ask what book they have last read. "They are ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." Their minds are as blackboards overspread with symbols, which by cancellation yield only zero. If they happen to be pastors or teachers, woe to their flocks or pupils, for they are to be led through a maze; if they are doctors, woe to their patients, for they must taste a little of every thing. Happily such persons have but little force.

There is a great want of reflection among mankind; the multitude in all ages has sunk into the grave without thinking; and the few that have not, with here and there an exception, have been occupied with the thoughts of others rather than their own. A few sovereign minds divide among themselves the realm of reason, giving opinions as decrees. No sway more perfect than theirs. Talk not of Russian autocrats in presence of the autocrats of philosophy,

who, as God's thinking vicegerents, prescribe routes and limits for the outgoings of human mind, and hunt down those who transgress them as wild beasts of the desert. Hence, notwithstanding unnumbered millions of separate immortal men have lived upon the earth, all the thoughts of the world that have been preserved may be ranked under a few heads: thus, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Mohammed, Bacon, Kant. A Caesar or Bonaparte ceases to rule when he dies; but these mental despots rule ages after they disappear. Aristotle, for example, swayed Europe for more than a thousand years, and still he sways. Columbus will be remembered long as an island or mountain of this continent shall stand above the waves; but Homer will be known long as a syllable of language lives upon the lips of man. Columbus rules not the lands he pointed out; Bacon does. It would seem, at first sight, that the law of hereditary succession does not prevail among the princes of thought; but, upon examination, we see that young ones are but the children of the old, with altered names. Scarce a new phase in philosophy that is not a mere revival of an old one. The present age is as unreflective as its predecessor; it is one of activity and haste, in which its very facilities are incumbrances; the multitude of its books discourages reflection. Would you form an idea of a man's politics, ask what political paper he takes; would you know his religion, ask what preacher he hears. But do not his opinions direct the choice both of paper and preacher? So you might suppose, but that you find him veering as they do, just as they veer when their masters do. What revolutions are wrought in the masses by the movement of some national convention! "Old things pass away, all things become new;" parties are bought and sold with their leaders, as Russian serfs are bought and sold with the land. Men will not think; they have their thinking done for them—done by machinery. As the Carguero carries the traveler in a chair on his back over the mountains of Quito, so the teacher is to bear the student on his blackboard to the summits of knowledge; as the priest in Siberia ties his devotions to the windmill, and expects every revolution to count a valid prayer, so we expect our ministers to waft our souls to the mount of God; as the steam-horse puffs us, whether we are asleep or awake, to the city, so we expect the book to bear us to the metropolis of reason. Hence, human mind, with increased activity, has diminished fertility; amid advancement in arts, and sciences, and wealth, it is stationary in the higher grounds

of intellectual labors; having more leisure, more facilities, more knowledge, more incentives, than it has ever had, it is content to be agitated and amused with the successive explosions of the magazine of folly and error, and makes no majestic march in the direction of truth. It trembles to ascend on the stream of borrowed thought to original fountains, as if, like the rivers of Eden, they were guarded by sworded cherubim; it fears to move onward to the ocean, as if beyond the frequented coasts of truth nature inverted her laws. Reflect as you read, cautiously, but freely, boldly.

We should not only read with reflection, but *appropriation*. The mind may comprehend its knowledge, and act upon it, without being able to make use of it; hence, some, though very learned, are far from wise. Their minds are as a storehouse, where all treasures are confusedly mixed; they are walking libraries, and can give you history, philosophy, poetry, and theology, but just as they received it; they have carefully wrapped their talent in a napkin, and buried it, to be disinterred when called for. There are others who analyze propositions; who consider the relations of facts to others which they have previously acquired, and thus elicit further knowledge, uniting the different colored rays of the mental prism to form a perfect light; who ponder principles till they see new applications of them; who examine arguments till they perceive new truths which they may be made to disclose; who find in one sophism the clew to another. They profitably invest their talents, and give forth knowledge not as they received it, but, though like itself, yet not itself, *more* than itself; the spiritual corn, sinking into their mental soil, dies, and is quickened, and sends forth first the blade, then the ear, then the ripe corn in the ear. Between the knowledge of these two there is the difference of life and death. It is amazing what power of appropriation a man may acquire. Kossuth may make a speech every day from the conversations of men, who little suspect that the knowledge they receive from him is but that which they have given; though bearing the impress of his mind; he received it as ore, he returns it as currency. See that your soul is not a great cistern, but a great furnace, in which every thing cast must be saved as by fire.

Not every book is to be read with the same degree of attention. Erasmus cries, "I have spent twelve years in the study of Cicero." Lord Verulam responds, "O ass!" Generally that book which has been written hastily should be read hastily. Some volumes have cost twenty

years' toil; these should be read slowly, or not at all. Although we may tithe mint, anise, and cummin, we should not be as long collecting the revenue of a poor district as of a rich one. "Some books," says Lord Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Of the last class I speak.

The habit of attentive, reflective, appropriative reading may not be easily acquired, nor is any other good habit; but we may say of it what Aristotle says of learning, "The *roots* are bitter, but the *fruits* are sweet." When once it is acquired, it may readily be strengthened, and will afford through life a never-failing feast and an unceasing mental growth. Youth is the time to acquire it, and the best mode is to use the pen; not to transcribe important chapters or beautiful passages to be used as aids in argumentation or gems in composition—a practice which enervates memory and degrades style; nor to construct commonplaces—an exercise much more useful; but to form discourse of your own; this will prove a magnet to gather fragments as you advance, and at once guide and stimulate your further excavations. But read with an eye to human life. We should not live to read, but read to live. Action is the highest mode of being—

"In the deed—the unequivocal, authentic deed—  
We find sound argument."

The purpose of training a child is not so much that he may read, or write, or speak, but *go*. Mere study is a weariness to the flesh; and however diligent we may be, we can not grow much wiser or stronger by reading exclusively. Books need the illustration of nature and life. The physician, lawyer, doctor, warrior, who should spend life in the study, would not be fit to be trusted. It is only by the *application* of knowledge that we learn its limitations, exceptions, and proper force. Hoarded knowledge, like the hoarded manna of the desert, putrefies; and epicurism in mind, as in body, has its acids and crudities, its flatulencies and constipations. All wisdom and wit that does not promote man's happiness or God's glory is vanity. Hence, while men have ranked philosophers and orators as demigods, they have ranked discoverers and inventors as gods; and properly, since the comet that occasionally flashes up the heavens is less godlike than the dew which, from day to day, and generation to generation, invisibly distills upon the earth.

Neither a nation nor an individual is to be judged by the number of its books. Egypt was crumbling when her Alexandrian Library was the

largest in the world; Asia Minor was falling under the blows of Greece when her books were ten to one more than her adversary's; Greece had multiplied her parchments when Rome's hardy legions subdued the Peloponnesus; Rome was filled with books when Alaric sacked the imperial city. On the contrary, Greece had but few writings when she drove back Xerxes, and produced Homeric song; Rome few when she expelled the Tarquins, and brought forth Brutus; Britain few when she drafted the Magna Charta, and sent the Black Prince to Cressy; and what is more common than to find a man with a large library a very great fool!

Nevertheless, books have their uses; and we come to inquire, second, why we should read? The lighter uses of reading—to tranquilize our passions, to assuage our sorrows, to moderate our anxieties, to beguile our journeys, to give interest to our idle hours, to refine the manners and humanize the heart, to awaken the desire for knowledge and form the taste for reading—we pass with a single caveat against a class of books which is usually employed to answer these indications: I mean novels and romances. In condemning them let us not be understood as denouncing *all* fictitious productions; the fables of Æsop, the allegories of prophecy, the parables of Christ, the tales which embellish and impress historical facts, and the illustrations which the pulpit employs with so much grace and efficiency, afford at once authority for fiction and rules for its construction and use. Novels and romances usually offend a pure taste and a sound mind by their gaudy dress, their unnatural characters, and their paucity of instruction; and always tend to weaken the power of attention, to impair the judgment, to divorce the connection between action and sympathy, to give a preponderance to the imagination, to create a distaste for simple truth and a disinclination both for manly studies and the dull realities of life. Many of them are liable to a greater objection, as, by a Plutonic chemistry, they turn the diamond of virtue into the charcoal of vice. It is alleged that they soften the heart and excite an interest in suffering. Often, however, it is an undistinguishing or a mawkish sensibility, which, while it can weep over the picture of a dead Gipsy, can wring the living heart of a loving father. That by inflaming the imagination, interesting the affections, and exciting an interest in books, they may be useful to some minds, and, indeed, to most minds in certain moods, must be admitted; but since the good they accomplish may be effected by works of unquestionable tendency, why resort to such

as intoxicate while they imparadise, bewilder while they allure, and emasculate while they excite? The higher forms of poetry, philosophy, and religion are sufficiently fascinating and energizing to all the faculties.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### A DINNER UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

**S**ELF-POSSESSION, in moments when danger threatens ourselves or others, is undoubtedly a most valuable quality, and one which it would be well to endeavor to cultivate by all judicious means. In my own experience an incident once occurred that powerfully illustrates this truth; and, with my reader's permission, I shall now briefly narrate it.

Many years ago, when a very young man, pursuing my professional studies, I was resident, during the summer months, at the lovely little village of —, on the shores of the romantic estuary of one of our great rivers, in the hope of recovering health, somewhat impaired by too assiduous application over the midnight oil. Among the casual acquaintanceships which I formed, there was a very slight one with a gentleman in the neighborhood, whom I shall call by the name of Johnson. This individual was a stout, short, thick-set single gentleman of middle age, of mild yet somewhat grave aspect, and gentlemanly manners. He possessed no striking peculiarities of character, and was generally respected as a quiet, unassuming, and inoffensive man.

I had been for some months in the village, and was on tolerably familiar terms with most of the ordinary residents, as well as the few summer visitors who frequented the place, when a rumor of a most extraordinary character suddenly spread abroad, and set every gossip on the alert. This rumor was neither more nor less than that the grave Mr. Johnson had been seen at an early hour in the morning, on a certain common near the beach, pirouetting and posturing in the most unaccountable manner, and finishing his extraordinary performance by a dance somewhat in the style of the Ojibbeway Indians. Every one, of course, had his own comment on this singular occurrence. One would have it that he had been returning in a state of semi-intoxication, after dining with a half-pay captain in the neighborhood; another, that he was merely taking needful exercise, as he was much confined in the office during the day; while a third insisted that there was only one feasible explanation

of the mystery, when the man's character and other circumstances were taken into account, and that was, that he was stark staring mad. Which of these surmises was the correct one the sequel will show.

A day or two after the report above alluded to had been in circulation, I was standing on the pier, conversing with the captain of the local steamer which had just arrived, when Mr. Johnson made up to me in a hurried and excited way quite foreign to him, and, shaking me warmly by the hand, inquired after my welfare. As I before hinted, my acquaintance with him was but slight, so that I felt both surprised and somewhat uneasy at the unusual warmth of his salutation. This, however, he did not seem to observe, but continued to talk in a rapid and, occasionally, slightly incoherent manner, on a variety of subjects, concluding by asking me home to dine with him in a way which admitted of no denial. In vain I pleaded a prior engagement, in vain I asked leave only to run to my lodgings to change my dress; he would listen to no excuse, but taking firm grasp of my arm, which he never for a moment relaxed, hurried me toward the house where he lodged. Ushering me into his sitting-room, he gave orders to the servant to bring dinner as soon as possible; and then, turning to me, proceeded in a low tone, and with an air of mystery, to inform me how he had of late been favored with certain visions and revelations of the most marvelous nature; how the medium of these revelations was a certain gentleman of ancient renown, and of erratic propensities, named Orion, well-known to students of mythology in connection with his aquatic exploits on a dolphin's back; how he had been endowed by this medium with the power of saving himself and friends from an impending terrible calamity. "But," added he, fixing his eyes upon me, "there is a condition which must be complied with before this power can be exercised with effect; and this condition implies a sacrifice, and the shedding of blood, to purify me and fit me for my high mission."

The conviction, which had been momentarily growing, now burst upon me, that I was in the presence of a raving maniac; and that the reader may appreciate the trying nature, not to say danger, of my position, I may state that the house, though at no great distance from others, was secluded in its own grounds, and surrounded by trees; that the only other person in it besides the madman and myself was the servant-girl before mentioned, as the family were all from home; while the chance of relief appearing, in

the form of a casual visitor, was very faint indeed. While earnestly occupied in detailing to me the incoherent dreams of a disturbed fancy, the servant entered with the dinner; and with evident marks of trepidation and terror, which did not serve to reassure my spirits, she deposited the materials and accompaniments of the meal, and hastily withdrew.

It is needless to remark that my appetite was somewhat of the smallest. In fact, what with my uneasiness lest the unfortunate maniac should take it into his head to injure either himself or me, anxious speculations as to the probability of assistance arriving, and with wonder how it was all to end, I could scarcely swallow a mouthful. But my host was so preoccupied with his own thoughts and communications, that he did not observe the lack of justice I did to his viands, and continued to talk of his visionary experiences in a strain of rapid and voluble earnestness, boasting of his ability to perform all sorts of impossible exploits, with an air of the most grave and settled conviction. "Ah! Mr. M.," said he, "you can not form the slightest conception of the glorious visitants I am favored with. Surrounded by an atmosphere of the most delicious music, their every gesture the very poetry of motion"—and, as if to give me an illustration of his waking dreams, he suddenly started up, and commenced a kind of grotesque dance, while he whistled, or rather hissed out through his dry and cracked lips, some wretched imitation of a popular air. Not knowing what else to do, I sat uneasily still, and watched him; and really his powers of endurance were wonderful. He shuffled, gyrated, and pirouetted for an incredible length of time, without a symptom of fatigue, and with a liveliness and vivacity that were quite distressing. I was heartily tired of the performance, and was calculating when he should be obliged to give in through sheer exhaustion, when all at once a "change" seemed to come over him; for, ceasing his perpetual motion, and hastily muttering something about the "time for action having arrived," he rushed into the little closet, which served both as dressing and bedroom, and which opened from the apartment in which we had dined. Conceive, reader, my horror, when I heard him rattle something, which I felt morally certain, from the sound, was a case of razors. Desperate at the thought of his obtaining possession of these deadly implements in his present state of mind, I hastened into the bedroom, and recollecting his having spoken of some letters he had to dispatch, I reminded him in a hurried manner that the post-bag would be closed immediately,

and, while his mind was thus diverted into a new channel, I quietly slipped the razor-case into my pocket. Remembering my having heard or read something of the power of the human eye over madmen, I tried the experiment on this occasion; but every attempt to catch his eye completely failed, from my having to encounter the glassy stare of a very unimpressible pair of spectacles which he wore, and which rendered perfectly hopeless every effort to penetrate them. But relief was now at hand. A smart double rap at the door, which was followed, when the girl opened it, by the authoritative demand, "Show me into Mr. Johnson's room," in Dr. S.'s well-known voice, was as music to my ears; and though the worthy Doctor had a complexion approaching the color of brick-dust, an exaggerated Roman nose, and no particular chin, I thought when he entered the room I had never seen so pleasant a countenance. My equanimity was not a little increased likewise by observing that he was followed by a stalwart gamekeeper and one or two villagers, who seemed intended as a *corps de reserve*, and who slipped into the kitchen as he entered our apartment.

It was curious to observe the effect of his appearance on the unhappy maniac. Advancing to the Doctor with an air of haughty coldness, yet with perfect good breeding: "May I ask," said he, "to what cause I am indebted for this visit? I am not aware that it is by my invitation you are here; and—"

"No, sir," said Dr. S., brusquely interrupting him, and evidently determined to carry things with a high hand, "I am here by an authority superior to yours;" and then he added, sternly, "Sit down, sir; now, show me your tongue."

After a slight display of hesitation, his haughty mien deserted him, and he slunk to a chair with the subdued manner of a snubbed child. Thereafter he yielded passively to whatever was demanded of him while Dr. S. was present; but I afterward learned that it took four strong men to undress and put him to bed, so powerful was his resistance when he understood the Doctor had taken his departure.

As the surgeon's arrival was the signal of my release, I need not trespass further on the reader's patience than to observe, that I saw him embarked next day, under judicious control, on his way to a lunatic asylum in the neighboring city. The circumstances of the case, which I have given as they occurred, are indelibly impressed upon my mind; and I sincerely trust it may never again be my lot to dine under such trying circumstances.—*London Leisure Hour.*

#### ANECDOTES OF ABSTRACTION OF MIND.

SOME have exercised the power of abstraction to a degree that appears marvelous to volatile spirits and puny thinkers.

To this patient habit Newton is indebted for many of his great discoveries: an apple falls upon him in his orchard, and the system of attraction succeeds in his mind; he observes boys blowing soap-bubbles, and the properties of light displayed themselves. Of Socrates it is said, that he would frequently remain an entire day and night in the same attitude, absorbed in meditation; and why should we doubt this, when we know that La Fontaine and Thompson, Descartes and Newton, experienced the same abstraction? Mercator, the celebrated geographer, found such delight in the ceaseless progression of his studies that he would never willingly quit his maps to take the necessary refreshments of life. In Cicero's Treatise on Old Age, Cato applauds Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening; and, when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprised by the appearance of the morning. Buffon once described these delicious moments with his accustomed eloquence: "Invention depends on patience; contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then comes the luxuries of genius! the true hours for production and composition; hours so delightful, that I have spent twelve and fourteen successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure!" It is probable that the anecdote of Marini, the Italian poet, is true; that he was once so absorbed in revising his Adonis, that he suffered his leg to be burnt for some time without any sensibility. Abstraction of this sublime kind is the first step to that noble enthusiasm which accompanies genius; it produces those raptures and that intense delight, which some curious facts will explain to us. This enthusiasm renders every thing surrounding us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene. A modern astronomer, one summer night, withdrew to his chamber; the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments, "It must be thus; but I'll go to bed before 'tis late!" He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and did not know it.

## THE JOYS OF EARTH ARE FLEETING.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"MINE, mine!" cried the Earth, as, with a glancing view,  
She gazed at her robe of rich emerald hue;  
"I'm decked out in splendor, more beautiful far  
Than sun, moon, or comet, or bright twinkling star."  
But ere months passed away the earth, with a wail,  
Was mourning her beauty 'mid frost, snow, and hail.

"Mine, mine," cried a boy, with blue, laughing eye,  
"O, mine is this insect of beautiful dye!  
I've followed it far this warm, sunny day,  
And now with it long I gently will play."  
He opened his hand to gaze at the prize—  
The butterfly flew aloft in the skies.

"Mine, mine," said a maiden, with dark, wavy hair,  
"O, mine is the love of one noble and fair!  
The dream that I've cherished so long in my heart  
The bridal hath bound it, no more to depart."  
But a year scarce had passed ere the deep-scalding tear  
She bitterly wept o'er her husband's low bier.

"Mine, mine," spoke a mother, in tenderest tone,  
As she gazed at her child, her cherished, her own,  
"O, mine is this loved one, and, e'er by his side,  
I'll shield him from evil, to virtue will guide."  
But time fled away, and deep furrows of care  
Were written, alas! on his forehead so fair.

"Ours, ours," was the shout of a happy throng,  
As they entered heaven's gates with a joyous song,  
"O, ours is this home where no sorrow can dwell,  
Where joys are sweeter than words could e'er tell!"  
And ages rolled on, yet their home was as bright  
As when first, in beauty, it broke on their sight.

## H O L Y H O U R S .

BY MRS. L. H. BUGBEE.

How lovingly they brood above the world,  
So still, so pure, unbarring heaven's gate  
To let a glimmer of the glory through:  
The spirit of a voiceless prayer on its  
White wings goes up; and shining  
Forms descend to meet the wanderer  
On its homeward way. Heaven  
Bends to earth, and earth looks up to heaven.  
And, O, if Faith lends ear, the angels'  
Silvery footfalls may be heard  
Upon life's highways and its lone,  
Sequestered paths, on mercy's errands bent.  
Father! my heart is calm: upon its  
Feverish pulses has been laid  
The heavenly solace; and I feel that  
Thou art near in the hushed silence.  
Thy presence fills the broad green earth,  
O'er which the golden glory of the

Sunset falls, and the illimitable sky,  
Its blue infinite depths reflect Thee there.  
O, to get near to thee one little hour;  
To feel the spirit borne above the cares  
Which mar and stain the bosoms  
That they tear; to see the billows  
Of life's surging sea grow calm at thy command,  
Is blest, indeed. To look back on  
The thorny paths we may have trod  
With bleeding feet, yet feel it hath  
Been well; and forward to the  
Coming strife, with an unwavering faith:  
O, in an hour like this, how  
Pales the brightness of Ambition's star!  
How fades the glory of all earthly  
Paths that lead not up to thee—  
While holier beams the sacred luster  
Of the rugged cross, the nail, the thorn!  
What of their cruel goadings  
For a little time, if with a strong,  
Brave heart we still press on, and on!  
A little hence, and o'er the golden streets  
Perchance we glide with tireless feet,  
The soul, all shriven of its earth-born sins,  
Drinking the fadeless beauty of a  
Better clime.

Why do we go astray?  
Why should earth lure us with its  
Mocking charms from safety and from God?  
We dread its cold neglect and cruel scorn,  
And strive for its applause, as though  
The breaths that yielded it were not  
As fleeting as the summer cloud.  
O that the spirit of these holy  
Hours might oftener fold the  
Soul beneath its wings, till, won  
From its wild wanderings, it might come  
And calmly rest upon the bosom  
Of its God!

## V E S P E R G R O V E .

BY ALEXANDER CLARK.

COME, seek the grove at twilight hour;  
Let music float along:  
Come, sit within the leafy bower,  
And sing our evening song.  
Hark! through the boughs the vesper breeze  
Is breathing melody;  
That fairy music in the trees  
An angel's voice may be!  
May ev'ry word and ev'ry thought  
Be calm as evening's breath,  
And wisdom be in all things sought  
To guide us safe till death!  
Then shall we rise from mortal dust  
To lofty spheres of light,  
Where chants and anthems of the just  
With seraphs' songs unite.

## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

THE SUBJECTS AND MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.—"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was."—John xi, 5, 6.

1. Some of our race are special objects of the Redeemer's love. To all he was compassionate and tender-hearted when he dwelt among men, and now he represents himself as gracious to every one who seeks his aid. But there were some when he was on the earth whom he emphatically loved. They were his friends; they enjoyed his approbation; they guided themselves by his directions; they were his sheep, and he was their shepherd, for they heard his voice and followed him: for him they had a special regard. Such are the persons spoken of in this sentence: "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

2. Some of the objects of the Redeemer's love are peculiarly favored in their family connection. Happy individuals! they not only know the Savior's excellencies, but they find them recognized by their relations. If he were on the earth they could take him without difficulty to their homes, there to receive a general welcome. There is no need of concealment; for on this all in the family are agreed: Jesus is the object of supreme love and allegiance. As he delights in one, so he delights in each, and he will guide, and aid, and cheer all in their way to the blessed regions to which they are traveling; thus it was in this case, "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

3. The objects of the Redeemer's love are of different constitutional dispositions. Martha and Mary were both regarded with complacency by Him who delights in excellence, and nothing but excellence. He saw Martha preparing for her feast, and discerned in it love to him, to his followers, and to his instructions, which she was anxious to see disseminated among those who might be guests at her table. He saw Mary's fixed attention to his word, and perceived in it that spiritual-mindedness which he would not allow on any account to be interrupted. How often now, nineteen centuries afterward, does one devoted adherent of our Lord blame another because he seeks in a different way from his own the advancement of truth and righteousness! One wonders that another is not more active; another wonders that his friend is not more contemplative; but Jesus loved believers of different temperaments, he "loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

4. Some of the objects of the Redeemer's love are exercised with very heavy trials. These females had but one brother, and he was ill; such a brother, too, and at such a time! how mysterious are the ways of God! It would not have seemed strange if the eldest son of Caiaphas had been ill, or the most admired of the scribes, or any one for whom Jesus had not entertained an affection, or by whom his affection had not been reciprocated. But it is not said merely, "Lord, he whom we love;" or, "Lord, he who loves thee;" but, "Lord,

he whom thou lovest," as though it had been written then, as it was sixty years afterward, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." O, how foolish we are if we forget this, instead of looking for checks and trials of constancy! If we are weary of present troubles, let us remember that a future state is promised after patient endurance, in which there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

5. They who are objects of the Redeemer's love are treated sometimes with apparent neglect. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." "When he had heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was." If he had not been attached to any of the family, what would have been his course when he received this message? He would doubtless have hastened to the place. Here would have been an opportunity to manifest his power and his goodness, of which he would have availed himself, and the slight faith displayed in sending to ask his help would have received a prompt reward. But his love to the sisters led him to delay, that their faith might be exercised, and that the miracle might be made the more resplendent: "that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." Never be surprised, Christians, at delays in the answer to your prayers; they are in accordance with the usual methods of our Lord's procedure; they try and eventually strengthen your faith; and they brighten the manifestations of his glory.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—If you were standing on the margin of a great river, and saw a multitude of persons, in a vessel over which they had no management, floating rapidly down the stream toward a cataract, so near that they were already within sight and hearing of persons before them, trembling, fainting, shrieking, when they were brought to the brink, and then sinking and disappearing amidst the foam and roar of the waters; if you saw that, notwithstanding their appalling condition, they had given themselves up to amusement, and merriment, and indulgence; or that they were intent in making observations on the objects that were swiftly passing in review before them in their course; or that they were engaged in contentions and competitions about precedence and distinction, or about the possession of rich dresses, or conspicuous places in the vessel, while the rapid tide was sweeping them along to the dark-yawning gulf already in their view—what could you say of them, but that they were mad or intoxicated? If, indeed, there was no possibility of escape for them, you might suppose that, in their desperation, they were merely endeavoring to divert their thoughts from a fate which they saw to be inevitable. But if you saw some reasonable prospect of deliverance held out to them, men from the shore offering to assist them, boats launched, ropes conveyed to them, and yet that they disregarded every signal, every warning, every cry of entreaty, and continued intent on their revelry, or their

vain pursuits, till they came to the brink—when they, too, immediately began to tremble, and faint, and shriek, and bewail their folly, like those that had gone before them, and then plunged into the abyss, and disappeared forever; you could not account for so strange an exhibition of human nature, but by supposing they were under the power of some awful infatuation—some diabolical witchery—some species of insanity that deprived them of the common understanding and the common feelings of men. Now such is the exhibition which the great mass of mankind, who are rapidly carried in succession down the stream of time toward a dark, unknown eternity, present to those whose eyes are opened to discover things as they are; and such precisely is the cause to which the Scripture ascribes their portentous foreboding insensibility: it declares that they are under the influence of strong delusion; that a fatal infatuation has been thrown over their understandings by a malignant spirit; that “the god of this world hath blinded their minds, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.”—*Our life.*

PEACE IN DEATH.—I have witnessed the death-beds of many of the righteous. I have watched with thrilling interest their experience in that most solemn and most searching hour; and I have found that all, whether babes or fathers in Christ, have alike hung only on the hope of the cross; yea, and the holiest have ever been the humblest in that last struggle. The language of the beautiful hymn best expressed the one sentiment of their heart, as it throbbed, and fluttered, and ceased to beat:

“Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

Yes—however aforetime some of them had been tempted to look upon themselves with complacency, or to attach importance to their doings or their observances—in that decisive moment, all vanished from their view, save the finished work of their Savior. Neither privileges, nor sacraments, nor oblations, nor praise of men, nor ecclesiastical distinctions, nor arms of priest or pastor, shared their reliance; but “*Christ was all and in all!*” Every other anchor drives, every other cable snaps, before the force of the tide that sweeps the soul into eternity. One, and only one, hope retains its imperishable moorings—it is the hope set before us in Christ Jesus. This can enable the expiring saint to exclaim, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” One who was nearly related and tenderly endeared to him who addresses you—one whose brief life, passed chiefly in the calmness and seclusion of a rural rectory, had been singularly blameless, said, when, within a step of eternity, she was congratulated on the bright peace which had long irradiated her sick-bed: “It is not mine; it is all of Christ; I cling to him as earnestly as if I had been a murderer.” And her father and mine, whose whole “path had been as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day,” and whose death was one of surpassing ecstasy, observed, a little before he entered into rest, “My daughter said, when dying, ‘I am saved as the thief on the cross was,’ and so say I—so says your father, my children.” Precious simplicity and singleness of hope! May it be ours in life’s last agony!

Let us, then, “hear the conclusion of the whole matter.”

Abound in all good works; be fruitful in every thing

that adorns the doctrine of God your Savior; be ensamples to them that believe; do to others as you would that others should do unto you; “freely ye have received, freely give;” confess your Master’s name, and be jealous for his honor; “whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things;” yet after all, and when you have done all, abandon all as supplying the slightest foundation of confidence; and with the apostle still protest, “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ.”

Shine as lights in your several spheres in this vast mercantile community. Irradiate with holiness each one his own peculiar scene of action, whether it be the counting-house or the manufactory, the workshop or the warehouse. Furnish to this world a living demonstration that faith establishes the law; that the doctrine of grace is a doctrine according to godliness; that they who repudiate all confidence in works are the most careful to maintain them. Compel those who denounce your principles to admire your practice. “With well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: as free, and not using your liberty as a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God.” Work—as though all depended on your working; trust—as knowing that all depends on what Christ has wrought. Was your *first* prayer, “God be merciful to me a sinner?” Let the spirit, if not the letter, of your *last* be the same. From the cross you began, at the cross you must close your race. Attain what you may, your sole confidence must still be—that great as are your sins the mercies of Christ are infinitely greater, and crimson as is your guilt his blood washes it white as snow.—*Hugh Stowell's Lectures.*

THE SOURCE OF MENTAL TRANQUILLITY.—“*I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*”—*Psalm xvi, 8.*

The unhappy Shelley has the following passage in his “Revolt of Islam,” which describes a state of mental repose in danger that his poor, unresting heart never knew; but which is truly descriptive of the sublime peace of those minds whose rest is in God:

“Thou and I,  
Sweet friend! can look from our tranquillity  
Like lamps into the world’s tempestuous night—  
Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by  
Which wrap them from the foundering seaman’s sight,  
That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.”

How beautiful is this picture! How expressive of mental strength, of perfect tranquillity! The *world* is dark and dangerous as a night of fearful storm; the *mind* is looking out on the tempest, calmly as the sheltered lamp burns within its protecting shade; and it is smiling, in despite of frowning clouds and threatening dangers, like the star which shines and fulfills its mission, regardless of the elemental conflicts that rage beneath it. To live thus is to be happy, indeed. To feel no fear of present evils, frown they as they may; to smile calmly on the shadows that fall darkly across our pathway from the future; to group together all possible ills—all the hatred of men, all the trials of mortal life, all the terrors of the immortal future—and to gaze upon them, not only in undisturbed serenity, but with a swelling consciousness of entire safety, is, indeed, to live a life such as few enjoy on earth.

Possessed of this faith, the mind lays aside all care

care; it ceases to live in sleepless ruminations over its perplexities. Has it powerful, indignant adversaries, whose wrath is as a towering flame, threatening to burn up and destroy its character and reputation? Has it, after using its best and most powerful judgment, been placed where, through the injustice of others, it is compelled to appear for a time in a false position? Are its temporal prospects all withered and blasted? Even then it is without fear; for it beholds God at its right hand, near, very near, to preserve and to save; to say to the proud sea, which dashes furiously at his feet, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid!" With this consciousness, it has peace, and can afford to sleep quietly and dispense with painful thoughts. It understands full well the beautiful remark of the great German reformer, who, as he saw a bird reposing on the branch of a tree, said, "This little fellow has chosen his shelter and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and LEAVING GOD TO THINK FOR HIM!"

It is even so, noble-hearted Luther! A man with thy faith can sleep, as thou didst, in hearing of the roar of Papal bulls, and the threatenings of a powerful emperor, and, like the little bird, leave God to think for him. Blessed and beautiful is such a faith as this!

And it is as sublime as it is beautiful! It clothes its possessor with moral grandeur, by lifting him wholly above fear when the worst of terrors rise in all their awfulness before his eyes. When did a man ever stand in greater grandeur of aspect than the pious Charles Wesley preaching at the Foundery during the great earthquake in London, on the 8th of March, 1750? Thirty days previously, the city had been filled with consternation by "three distinct wavings to and fro of the earth, attended with a hoarse, rumbling noise, like thunder." On the memorable 8th of March, just as Charles Wesley named his text, a "strong and jarring motion was felt, attended with a rumbling sound, like that of distant thunder." The Foundery shook violently. The danger was imminent. Men looked at each other with pale faces and timid glances. The women and children uttered a "great cry." All felt that in a moment they might be standing at the bar of an infinite God! It was an occasion to try the strength of faith, and to test the tranquillity of a believer's bosom. And gloriously did faith stand the trial. For there, with nature in convulsions at his feet, an affrighted audience before him, and the prospect of being instantly ushered into the presence of Infinite Majesty, Charles Wesley stood more than undaunted. His eyes were lighted with seraphic fires, his features were an aspect of spiritual beauty, while, in a calm and strong voice, he cried out, "Therefore, we will not fear, though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried out into the midst of the sea; for the Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge!"

This was sublime tranquillity! A faith capable of such a triumph is able to conquer under any circumstances.—*Sacred Echoes from the Harp of David.*

THE MANY MANSIONS.—"In my Father's house are many mansions."—*John xiv, 2.*

What a home aspect there is in this "word of Jesus!" He comforts his Church by telling them that soon their wilderness-wanderings will be finished—the tented tabernacle suited to their present probation state exchanged for the enduring "mansion!" Nor will it be any strange dwelling: a Father's home—a Father's welcome awaits

them. There will be accommodation for all. Thousands have already entered its shining gates—patriarchs, prophets, saints, martyrs, young and old, and still there is room!

The pilgrim's motto on earth is, "Here we have no continuing city." Even "Sabbath tents" must be struck. Holy seasons of communion must terminate. "Arise, let us go hence!" is a summons which disturbs the sweetest moments of tranquillity in the Church below; but in heaven every believer becomes a pillar in the temple of God, and "he shall go no more out." Here it is but the lodging of a wayfarer turning aside to tarry for the brief night of earth. Here we are but "tenants at will;" our possessions are but movables—ours to-day, gone to-morrow. But these "many mansions" are an inheritance incorruptible and unfading. Nothing can touch the heavenly patrimony. Once within the Father's house, and we are in the house forever!

Think, too, of Jesus, gone to prepare these mansions, "I go to prepare a place for you." What a wondrous thought—Jesus now busied in heaven in his Church's behalf! He can find no abode in all his wide dominions, befitting as a permanent dwelling for his ransomed ones. He says, "I will make a new heaven and a new earth. I will found a special kingdom—I will rear eternal mansions expressly for those I have redeemed with my blood!"

Reader, let the prospect of a dwelling in this "house of the Lord forever," reconcile thee to any of the roughnesses or difficulties in thy present path—to thy pilgrim provision and pilgrim fare. Let the distant beacon-light, that so cheerfully speaks of a home brighter and better far than the happiest of earthly ones, lead thee to forget the intervening billows, or to think of them only, as wafting thee nearer and nearer to thy desired haven! "Would," says a saint, who has now entered on his rest, "that one could read, and write, and pray, and eat and drink, and compose one's self to sleep, as with the thought—soon to be in heaven, and that forever and ever!"—*Words of Jesus.*

"BE ZEALOUS."—Check not your zeal. Cultivate it. Blow up the fire in your own heart and in the hearts of others. Zeal may make mistakes. It may want guiding, controlling, and advising. Like the elephants on ancient fields of battle, it may sometimes do injury to its own side. But zeal does not need damping in a wretched, cold, corrupt, miserable world like this. Zeal, like John Knox pulling down the Scotch monasteries, may hurt the feelings of narrow-minded and sleepy Christians. It may offend the prejudices of those old-fashioned religionists, who hate every thing new, and—like those who wanted soldiers and sailors to go on wearing pig-tails—abhor all change. But zeal in the end will be justified by its results. If you think, reader, there is danger of your having too much zeal in religion, God forgive you. Depend upon it the Church seldom needs bridle, but oftener needs a spur.

JUDAS.—Nobody ever possessed such advantages and opportunities as Judas, and no one ever so abused them; the very devil seemed to have entered into him; indeed, he outdeviled the devil. The devils always treated Christ with honor, and always acknowledged him, and never played the hypocrite with him as Judas did. Be it ever remembered, that throughout eternity we must either rival the devils in wickedness, or rival the angels in obedience and love. There is no alternative; God himself can make no alternative, and where else could we find one?—*Rev. William Howells.*

## Editorial Disquisition.

### IMPORTANCE OF A HIGH STANDARD OF PIETY.

In our last number we noted some of the elements that constitute a high standard of piety. Now we propose to speak of the importance of that standard to the Christian professor.

It is worthy of note how often slight defects mar the symmetry and beauty of the Christian character. Sometimes there is great enthusiasm for the time, but it is coupled with a lack of stability; and the professor, though possessed of the most ardent desires to attain to excellence and to do good, comes short in his personal attainments and his personal usefulness. Sometimes there is great intensity of feeling, or excitability; but it is unfortunately coupled with a lack of self-control, a lack of circumspection, or with a perverseness and irritability of temper, which mars and deforms the Christian character, and deprives it of all force. Again, there is steadiness of purpose and much that is really commendable, and coupled, too, with active exertion for the cause of God; but there is a want of meekness and of Christian humility—there is self-sufficiency, spiritual pride, impatience, and resentment under rebuke, or an eager spirit to drink the sounds of adulation, and a fondness only for those who are worshipful and reverential. These suggestions, connected with what went before, sufficiently indicate what we consider legitimately implied in a high standard of piety. We have purposely avoided technical phrases, and kept our eye steadily upon practical results—not aiming at original ideas, but at useful ends.

In the Church there are not only diversities of gifts, but diversities of attainments in piety. In fine, we find there representatives of almost every shade of Christian character—from the feeble, halting, irresolute Christian, dwarfed in all the elements of Christian character, up to those men and women of God who are strong in the faith, and whose characters have been built up with a solidity and strength that defy all the assaults of sin and death. There, too, we find the young disciple, just started in the heavenly race, and the pilgrim of half a century, upon whose vision the turrets of the celestial city seem already breaking. With these different classes before us, it is well for us to consider how much is to be gained—what present inducements there are to stimulate us to strive for the goal placed before us—a high standard of piety.

Men of the world are acted upon by powerful impulses—the sordid worldling to acquire much, the scholar to penetrate the deep mysteries of human knowledge, and the aspirant for honor and power to ascend the loftiest summit of earthly ambition. Why, then, should not the Christian perceive and feel the force of those powerful motives which should ever lead him upward and onward in the divine life?

1. I perceive, then, that the attainment of a high standard of piety is the will and command of God. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." "Be zealous of good works." "Be filled with the fruits of righteousness." "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and soul, and strength." "Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Such is the high standard of the Gospel require-

ment—such the Scripture measure of a high standard of piety. Ah, how infinitely below it do we fall!

You will not require of us stronger or more conclusive evidence of this great and striking truth, that a high standard of piety is the will and command of God concerning us. And is not God's will—clearly revealed—to us an ultimate rule of faith and a paramount law of action? That will, too, is in harmony with the provisions of the Gospel; and being supreme in authority, should it not be supreme in influence? Were it the will and requirement of man, we might pause, and inquire into its wisdom, expedience, or authority. We might have said, "This knowledge is too high, I can not attain to it; the requirement is too broad, the way is too narrow, the ascent is too rugged and difficult." But it is God who speaks; it is the high and holy One who calls us to walk in his ways and to be clothed upon with his image and likeness. What though the depraved heart and the carnal reason both array themselves against the divine requisition; what though it seem to cross every thing in nature and every thing in reason! still it is the will and the word of Him who is above both nature and human reason. Let us then, with holy, trembling faith, cry out, "What shall I answer thee, O God? I will lay my hand upon my mouth; declare thou unto me."

"On thee, O God, my soul is staid,  
And waits to prove thine utmost will;  
The promise by thy mercy made,  
Thou caust, thou wilt in me fulfill."

2. Again: the desirableness of the thing itself may be regarded as a reason why we should endeavor to attain to a high standard of piety. If we consider how much is implied in deliverance from indwelling sin—what freedom and elevation of soul, what clear and glorious realization of divine light, what close and heavenly communion with the Father of our spirits—we shall not fail to realize the desirableness and glory of this great attainment. Or did we realize the intrinsic value of holiness, that it is divine in its origin, heavenly in its nature, we could not but feel that it is a thing to be sought after and longed for. This is that "kingdom of God and his righteousness"—so desirable in itself, and which draws after it every blessing needful to the soul. Who would not part with all that he has in order to be possessed of this "pearl of great price?" What so painful to the breast of the Christian as the recollection of his infirmities and his sins! The language of the sorrowing spirit is:

"Here I repent, and sin again;  
Now I revive, and now am slain;  
Slain by the same unhappy dart,  
Which, O, too often wounds my heart."

What can be more desirable than to be delivered from the spiritual darkness, the deep pollution, and the galling bondage of sin? "To be carnally-minded is death; to be spiritually-minded is life and peace. If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God," Colossians iii, 1-3. What so desirable to the weary and wayworn pilgrim as the long-sought place

of rest! What so desirable to the mariner, long buffeted by wild and opposing elements, as to enter the haven of safety and repose! So should the child of God yearn with longing desire to be filled with all the fullness of God; to feel that his heart is no longer divided and distracted, but that it has now found the place of its rest.

3. Closely connected with the preceding is the fact, that *our religious enjoyment* is ultimately connected with a high standard of piety. Eminent piety is the way to happiness in religion. It resolves all doubts about the fundamental elements of Christian faith, and clears away the mists that darken the vision of the soul; for our Savior has said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." It produces a fullness and satisfaction in Christian experience, and a blissful serenity of soul, to which the stunted and dwarfed professor never attains, and of which he has but slight conceptions. The pious and devoted James, speaking of eminent piety, has characterized it as the source of happiness in striking language, that addresses itself to the very soul: "It is joy, and peace, and bliss—the sunshine of the heart, the Sabbath of the soul, the resting-place on which the heart lays down its load of cares, and anxieties, and sorrows. There is happiness in faith, but it must be strong faith; happiness in hope, but it must be lively hope; happiness in love, but it must be fervent love. The religion of many professors is useless to them. It does nothing for them. They derive no good from it. They are neither comforted in trouble, grateful in prosperity, nor sustained in anxiety by it. They hear some talk of their joys, and hopes, and seasons of communion with God, but they are strangers to these things: in short, their religion is a mere dead form. In the case of some other professors, their religion is an actual incumbrance, a hinderance to their happiness, rather than a help. They are spoiled for the world, without being fitted for the Church. They can not go to fashionable amusements, and yet they have nothing in the place of them. Their soul dwells in a wilderness, a bleak and cheerless desert, where no pleasant plant grows, not even the deleterious flower of sinful pleasure. The happiness of religion is reserved for those whose piety is sincere, and the higher degrees of its happiness for such as have large measures of holiness. God is the fountain of light; and in his light only can you see light: you must press nearer to him if you would enjoy him. His dwelling is in the holy mount, and you must ascend to him there if you would have joy and peace in believing. You have read the biography of eminent saints, and sometimes have exclaimed, in almost an agony, 'Why am I a stranger to their delights?' The answer is easy, 'Because you are a stranger to that elevated piety from which their joy sprung.' The same measure of faith would have been attended, in your case, with the same degree of holy joy. You are too worldly, too proud, too irritable, too prone to violate the rule of duty in little things, too careless in your walk; and must, therefore, grow in grace, before you can increase in religious comfort." Do you, then, wish for spiritual joy? Rise higher in the divine life; go with Christ into the holy mount, behold his glory, commune with him, be changed into his image: then shall you say, "It is good to be here."

4. A high standard of piety is necessary in order to the strength and permanence of the *Christian character*. Nothing is more fully substantiated in the history of the world than that the progressive development of

Christian character, and the constant exercise of Christian faith, are indispensable to the establishment of our souls in grace. The apostle seems to take it for granted that those who do not "go on unto perfection" will "fall away." "The continuance of religion in the soul is exceedingly precarious if it be not eminent. In many cases piety is so superficial, feeble, lukewarm, and undecided, that it soon dies away amidst the cares, the comforts, and the pursuits of life. It has not root, strength, or vitality enough to resist the influence of the calm, much less the shock of the tempest. It is like a taper, that needs not the gust of wind to blow it out, but which expires in still air for want of oil to keep it burning. We see many and melancholy exemplifications of this." Our only safety is in being well established in religion. This implies that we have clear and correct views of Christian faith, that our religious principles be deep-rooted and strong, that our religious habits are confirmed and matured by exercise, and also that our hearts be filled with the pure and unspeakable love of God. No sooner do we cease laboring for these things, than we are borne down by the current and carried away.

The first step in backsliding is not a positive retrograde movement, but a *causing to go forward*. I know, Christian reader, you do not intend to apostatize from Christ, and that it would be a cause of profound sorrow to you to imagine that you should ever dishonor his sacred cause. But are you going forward? Are you advancing from your state of pupilage to the stature of manhood in Christ Jesus? The stone poised in the air is not long stationary; its projectile force is soon exhausted, and by the power of gravitation it quickly descends earthward. Just so is it with the soul. Its only safety is in onward progression in holiness toward God and heaven. This is that to which we are called by God: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things"—he that does not "go on unto perfection"—"is blind, and can not see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins," 2 Peter 1, 5-9. Neglect of this indispensable duty of progression is incipient backsliding. It is not that the halting believer is in danger of backsliding; but that he is *already* falling into the first or incipient stages of it. "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee; tarry not in all the plain; for ye have not yet reached the place of your rest, nor the heritage which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

5. Eminent holiness on the part of the believer will enable him best to *honor religion and glorify God*. Our Savior says to each one of us, no less than to his disciples of old, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven," Matthew v, 16. And again he says to us, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," John xv, 8. "Wherefore also," says the apostle, "we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfill all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power; that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ," 2 Thessalonians i, 11, 12. Such is the class, the character and style, of Christians through

whom religion is honored and God glorified in the world. The man whose piety is so feeble, so imperfect, and so inconstant as to render it doubtful whether he be a Christian or no, brings no honor to the cause of Christ. The man whose life is so irregular, whose religious principles are so loose and vacillating, and whose passions are so little regulated and controlled that the recognition of him as a Christian excites the wonder of the world; such a man is a reproach to the cause of Christ—a detriment to the interests of true religion; he dishonors his God. But, on the other hand, the man of pure spirit and of upright life, "whose religion makes him *obviously* holy, happy, and useful; whose piety not only proves its own sincerity, but its own strength; who is decided, consistent, earnest; this is the man of whom it may be said, 'Wisdom is justified of her children.' The life of God dwells and reigns in his soul; he exemplifies the beauty of holiness; he honors religion; he glorifies God.

There are too many who stand in the outskirts of the Christian camp; it is quite difficult to tell whether they belong *within* or *without*. They seem to choose a position where they may be on either side, as whim, or fancy, or interest may prompt—equally ready to escape the shame of defeat and to shout the triumph of victory. They are the chaff which the cold, bleak winds of spiritual declension sweep away. Of such men it would occasion less surprise to learn that they are guilty of some gross sin than to learn that they are members of the Christian Church. Little honor can religion ever derive from such professors as these. We would not advise such persons to give up their profession, nor yet to conceal it; but we would advise them to become more worthy of it.

Follower of Christ, is the cause of the Redeemer dear to your heart? Have you a deep and heart-felt concern for the honor of religion and the glory of God? Then seek that indwelling power of transforming grace that shall make the image and superscription of your Lord visible in your whole character and life.

6. A high standard of attainment in religion will contribute immensely to our *personal usefulness*. It is a mistaken notion imbibed by some cold, phlegmatic Christians, that if they maintain the form of sound doctrine, of correct morals, and the exercise of a liberal benevolence, especially for the support of the institutions of religion and to spread its influence, that they have met the grand claims of the Gospel. Nay, but there is a positive personal influence that every Christian is to bring to bear upon the consciences of sinners. And to the proper exercise of this personal influence, personal holiness is indispensable. "A field," says the sainted Fletcher, "properly weeded, and cleared from briers, is naturally more fruitful than one which is shaded by spreading brambles, or filled with the indwelling roots of noxious weeds." The soul filled with the love of God is moved by its constraining power to be always abounding in the work of the Lord; this is the source of ceaseless and glorious activity to the soul; it will also give regularity and efficacy to our efforts. The heart of such a man will be an overflowing fountain; no dearth of spirituality in the Church or in the community will dry up its source or exhaust its streams.

This divine life of God in the soul will give power to his reproofs and exhortations. That he is a man of God will be *felt* by the world. His lips shall be touched with holy fire; and from his yearning heart shall be poured out arguments that convince the understanding, and entreaties

that subdue and melt the hearts of the impenitent and godless. His prayers, too, are mighty, and shall prevail with God. While Moses prays, the hand of wrath is held back; while Elijah intercedes, the very face of nature owns that his prayer avails with God; and while the dying Stephen prays, not only is heaven open to his view, but the persecuting Saul is soon humbled at the foot of the cross. Such a man may be neither powerful in intellect, eloquent in speech, nor influential in standing, but he will do good; the purity of his faith, the ardency of his zeal, the depth and hallowed fervency of his religious emotion, will be owned of God. Were this spirit to pervade every department and every member of the Church of God, how glorious would be the results! "The ignorance of foolish men" would be put to silence; the world would become awe-stricken, and tremble before the manifestations of the power and glory of God; and the Gospel would go forth conquering and to conquer. "The sacramental host of God's elect—clad with the panoply of God, saved from the corruptions that are in the world, and armed with holy faith and mighty prayer—would hold in check the mighty powers of hell, and triumph over every thing that opposed the dominion of Christ."

This was the early triumph of Christianity. The preaching of Christ crucified—not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but with simple faith and love—not only silenced the cavilings of a vain philosophy, broke down the strongholds of superstition and idolatry, but turned a mighty tide of righteousness over the face of the earth, and carried terror and dismay to the very gates of hell. "Who can look back to the period when Christianity achieved her noblest triumphs, and see altars and temples crumbling to dust, and the gods of the heathen given to the moles and the bats—the Church multiplied and increased under the bloodiest persecutions—martyrs going to the stake in ecstasy, and their very executioners converted by the grandeur of their examples, and in their turn following them to the possession of the martyr's crown—who can survey these scenes without being convinced that there is a power altogether unearthly in a life of purity and self-denial!" Let us never fail, then, to remember that personal usefulness and personal holiness go hand in hand. Is your soul fired with holy ambition to be useful to your dying brother-men—to do something worthy of your high calling and your glorious privileges? Go not to the formal speculations of theology to become critical and skilled in wielding the *forms* of theological truth; but go to Jerusalem—yea, to the *fountain* that has been opened in Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness; there let thy soul be bathed in its deepest depths; and from the healing fountain it shall come forth impregnated with the elements of a new life, and endowed with power from on high. Thus panoplied and armed, the Christian is prepared for aggressive warfare.

Nor to individuals alone is this high standard of piety important; it is equally indispensable to the Church of Christ at large and taken in the aggregate. Not that it is merely necessary that there should be here and there devoted, exemplary, spiritual Christian in the Church; but that the whole Church should be completely impregnated with the life and power of Christ. Such a Church would be invincible against all the powers of sin and death. In the midst of poverty, she would be rich; few in numbers, she would be a host in power; scathed by the fires of persecution, she would still shine forth resplendent in the robe of salvation; and along with the

cry of the battle and the crush of the onset, should mingle the shout of victory and the song of triumph.

O, how long has the want of this indwelling life of Christ in the Church dimmed her light and paralyzed her energies! And never, *never*, can she stand forth in her comeliness and beauty—"the light of the world"—till, through faith, she has obtained triumphant victory over sin, and inscribed "Holiness to the Lord" on all her banners. O, would she rend asunder the grave-clothes of her worldly-mindedness, and put on her garments of heaven's own weaving, how soon would the life-blood of the soul begin to course her veins with unwonted freedom! How soon would she come up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved! The breezes of heaven would fill her temples; and the dry bones, now scattered, bleaching in all her dry and parched valleys, would rise to spiritual life; and an accumulated flood of glory would roll onward and swell upward, till our desert world budded and blossomed as the rose.

7. Eminent piety is *the best possible preparation for heaven*. We have looked at the importance of a high standard of piety in its relations to the present life—our personal progress, usefulness, and the like. But how immeasurably transcendent are those considerations connected with a dying hour and with our eternal state! Why is it that so many professing Christians, when they approach the dying hour, undergo such painful regrets with regard to the past, and such agonizing misgivings with regard to their future and final state? How much better to come down to the last great conflict of life, enabled, with Adam Clarke, to say, as friends suggested preparation for his approaching change, "*I have prepared already!*" or with St. Paul, "*I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the*

righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing,

" 2 Timothy iv, 6-8.

A man may be skilled in science and philosophy, he may be possessed of all knowledge and all wisdom, yet, so long as his soul wears the stain of moral pollution, so long will his mind be dark and gloomy with reference to the future. Dr. Cox once visited a man of eminent attainments, though of a skeptical turn of mind, upon a dying bed, and asked what were his prospects for the future. "Dark, very dark," groaned out the dying philosopher. This, my friends, is *philosophy in the dark valley*. It emits no light that can enliven its gloom; it throws out no rays that can remove the profound and awful darkness. On the other hand, the poor wayfaring man, though a fool, who knows his God and feels his love, whose faith and whose experience both join in the attestation—"the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin"—such a man may realize no gloom and suffer no dismay as he goes down into the dark valley. In holy triumph he will shout, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; but thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Such soul can say, with John Dodd, "I am not afraid to look death in the face;" or with Robert Bolton, "O, when will this good hour come? when shall I be dissolved? when shall I be with Christ?" or with John Owen, "The long looked-for day is come at last;" or with Risden Darracott, "I am going from weeping friends to congratulate angels and rejoicing saints in heaven. Blessed be God, all is well, all is well!" Now, Christian reader, is such a triumph as this desirable? Then, go on to the attainment of holiness; seek sanctification; strive to be one with the Son and the Father. So shall your life be holy and happy, your death peaceful and triumphant, and your immortality glorious.

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**MONEY SPENT FOR RELIGION.**—The sums received and expended by the several religious and benevolent societies which met in London in 1854 are exhibited in the table following:

	Received.	Expended.
Bible societies.....	£230,616.....	£126,979
Foreign missions.....	544,006.....	520,077
Irish missions.....	42,147.....	42,495
Home missions.....	158,094.....	154,714
Educational societies.....	78,512.....	66,181
Benevolent societies.....	127,630.....	124,210
Miscellaneous.....	75,037.....	72,778

These sums look large, taken by themselves; but, when compared with the millions wasted in keeping up armies and navies, they dwindle into almost nothing. Just think that Russia pays as interest on her national debt \$25,000,000 a year; France on hers \$79,300,680, and England \$138,634,800 a year; and then remember that Great Britain raises only between six and eight million dollars a year for purposes directly religious and benevolent; that is to say, the interest paid by the British government on her national debt exceeds by over one hundred and thirty millions of dollars the whole sum contributed to British benevolent societies. A strange and humiliating fact, indeed!

**SALARIES OF MINISTERS.**—The smallness of the pay of Methodist preachers has long been a subject of fruitful newspaper writing; but it is doubtful whether, meager as is their pay, other preachers fare any better. Some few Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian ministers in large cities get handsome allowances; but, take the country through, they are no better paid than Methodist ministers. The St. Louis Presbyterian, whose authority on this subject can scarcely be questioned, states that there is probably not a single preacher in the Presbyterian Church whose salary would enable him at the end of *forty years* of hard labor, with close economy, to leave his family a home. The *average* salaries of Episcopalian preachers in the United States, strange as the statement may sound, reach only two hundred and fifty-five dollars a year.

**AGE OF BRITISH WESLEYAN PREACHERS.**—Statistics furnished before the late British conference, held at Leeds, indicate that long life and good health prevail among the Wesleyan ministry in England and Ireland. Of the twenty-nine preachers who died during the conference year of 1854-5, one had reached the age of ninety, and another was eighty-nine. We give their names, and the

number of years the Twenty-Nine had been in the traveling ministry. John Kershaw, the spiritual father of Robert Newton, had been sixty-seven years in the ministry; William Ferguson, 64; Robert Banks, 63; John C. Clendenin, 59; Robert Melson, 52; John Bumstead, 51; Edward Jones, 50; William Armstrong, 50; Michael Burrows, 50; James Bates, 47; Samuel Sugden, 46; John Jones, 46; Edward Hagleton, 46; William Finlay, 45; John Hap, 44; Henry Ranson, 43; Joseph Beaumont, 42; Benjamin Carvoos, son of the Cornish class-leader, 41; George North, 29; Charles W. Vibert, 29; James Bartholomew, 26; Timothy Curtis, 26; Thomas Rogerson, 24; Robert Williams, 23; John Smart, 17; Charles Howe, 16; Henry J. Booth, 11; Joseph Wright, 11; George P. Brown, 4. The last two were natives of Africa. Of the Irish brethren, six are included in the above list: their ages ranged from *seventy-one* to *eighty-nine years*; and their terms of ministerial life from *forty-five* to *sixty-four*! John Beaumont, who had been forty-two years in the ministry, was the spiritual father of Robert Moffett, the celebrated South African missionary.

**ENGLISH OPIUM-EATING.**—Opium-eating in England seems to be greatly on the increase. Blackwood states that in 1839 there was 41,000 pounds of opium imported, while in 1853 the import amounted to 114,000 pounds—showing an increase of more than two and a half times in fifteen years. The tables in Thom's Official Directory for 1853 give the following figures:

	Opium Imported—lbs.	Consumed at Home.
1848	200,019	61,178
1849	105,724	44,328
1850	126,318	42,324
1851	106,113	50,368

Thus in three years preceding 1851 the home consumption averaged one-third of the imported amount. In 1851 the former is nearly one-half of the latter. It is worthy of notice that the largest consumption in the years given took place in 1848, when strikes were frequent in the manufacturing districts; when business was unsteady and often at a stand-still.

From these facts it would appear that opium-eaters in England are of a corresponding class with those who seek a solace in the desolating drug in China, and that hard times and low wages are the greatest stimulants to its consumption.

**MORMONISM.**—From November 27, 1854, to April 26, 1855, the Mormon emigration from Liverpool to the United States and Utah was 3,626. Of the nationalities of the various individuals emigrating, 2,231, or nearly two-thirds of the whole number, were English by birth. Chiefly from among the lowest class of the British subjects do the Mormon missionaries obtain the most recruits. The feature of low sensuality held out by the system takes amazingly among this class. A late London paper tells us of the sale, at a public market-cross in Yorkshire, of a wife by her husband, after being married for sixteen years. They agreed on the matter thoroughly, both being of opinion that the old age of the husband was not calculated to increase their domestic enjoyment. A shoemaker became the purchaser of the female sensualist for half a crown, or sixty cents. Such examples of the complete absence of decency, affection, and moral rectitude among the laboring classes are not unfrequent in the English papers, and the Mormon ranks have been largely filled with such people. Living already in an unrecognized state of morals, and knowing no better, their senses are pleased at the recognition of their

immorality by the extensive doctrines of the Mormon missionaries.

**STATISTICS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.**—The forty-sixth anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held in the city of Utica, N. Y., beginning September 11th, and closing the 14th. There have been sent out during the year 19 missionaries and assistants, male and female, and there are 29 more under appointment. During the same time there have been issued 211,300 copies of the *Missionary Herald*, 357,000 copies of the *Journal of Missions*, 329,500 copies of the *Youth's Day-Spring*, 16,700 copies of the *Extra Journal*, 6,000 copies of the *Annual Report*, and 3,006 copies of the *Annual Sermon*.

The following gives a summary view of the operations of the Board:

	MISSIONS.
Number of missions.....	29
Number of stations.....	120
Number of out-stations.....	59

	LABORERS EMPLOYED.
Number of ordained missionaries, (6 being physicians,). . . . .	155
Number of licentiates.....	3
Number of physicians not ordained.....	7
Number of other male assistants.....	16
Number of female assistants.....	202
Whole number of laborers sent from this country.....	333
Number of native preachers.....	46
Number of native helpers.....	236
Whole number of native assistants.....	232

Whole number of laborers connected with the missions. 665

	THE PRESS.
Number of printing establishments.....	11
Pages printed last year, (in part,). . . . .	25,822,780

	THE CHURCHES.
Number of churches, (including all at the Sandwich Islands,). . . . .	115
Number of Church members, (including all at the Sandwich Islands last year,). . . . .	26,806
Added during the year, (excluding those at the Sandwich Islands,). . . . .	635

	EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.
Number of seminaries.....	11
Number of other boarding schools.....	19
Number of free schools, (412 supported by the Hawaiian Government,). . . . .	787
Number of pupils in the seminaries, (80 supported by the Hawaiian Government,). . . . .	420
Number of pupils in the boarding schools.....	594
Number of pupils in the free schools, (10,705 supported by the Hawaiian Government,). . . . .	20,555

Whole number in seminaries and schools..... 21,578

**CONFESSOR OF A MINISTER.**—The eloquent and powerful Dr. John M. Mason, on leaving his congregation in New York, said, "Since the time of my settlement here, lawyers, merchants, physicians, have made their fortunes; not an industrious and prudent mechanic but has laid up something for his family. But should God call me away to-morrow, after expending the flower of my life, my family could not show a single cent for the gain of more than seventeen years' toil!"

**NEW VIEW OF CINCINNATI.**—Middleton & Co., lithographers and engravers, have brought out a fine, large lithographic view of Cincinnati as seen from the Kentucky side of the river. It is not only an accurate and excellent view, but it is a superior specimen of art. The publishers are doing a large business in this line, having already engraved views of several of the principal cities of the west.

**A MORAVIAN LOVE-FEAST.**—A correspondent of an eastern paper, who recently visited the Moravian colony at Bethlehem, Penn., gives, among other noteworthy paragraphs, the following respecting their love-feast: "The

principal part of the house was occupied by children. The organ, which seemed to contain within its spacious case all the instruments of all the bands and orchestras to whose performances I had ever listened, discoursed festive music. The services consisted in the reading of prayer by the minister, and the singing of set pieces by the choir and the children, the words being printed in English and German, and distributed among the audience. During the music the substantial part of the service was performed. At an appointed moment there entered the church upon the female side certain 'Sisters' neatly attired, bearing huge baskets of buns, which were distributed to the children, while certain of the 'brethren' performed the same office on the male side of the church. This was followed speedily by neat polished mahogany waiters filled with pretty little white cups of excellent coffee, with one of which each child in the house was provided. The occasion was evidently pleasurable to the children, but was passed with the most approved repression of every external manifestation of delight. I thought if only a good opportunity was afforded, they would not fail to demonstrate their delight in some of the modes common to childhood every-where."

**THE PITTSBURG FEMALE COLLEGE.**—The Pittsburg Female College building, situated on Penn-street, and immediately in the rear of "Christ's Methodist Episcopal Church," is forty feet wide by seventy-four feet long, with a dwelling part twenty-four feet by one hundred, designed for the residence of the Principal and for boarding students. The whole is arranged in a superior manner, and, when completed, will be the finest edifice of the kind in the west. Scholarships are selling at \$500 each. Rev. S. L. Yourtee, late of the Cincinnati conference, is Principal. The College began its first session Monday, October 1st.

**RELIGION IN NEW ZEALAND.**—New Zealand, at the time of its original discovery by Tasman, a Dutch navigator, in 1642, was a nation of cannibals. By Rev. Samuel Marsden, of the London Missionary Society, the first mission was planted on this Island, August 25, 1809. At present the population of New Zealand is about 100,000, and of this number 99,000 are professing Christians. Of these 99,000, some 50,000 are under the care of the "Church Missionary Society," and the other 49,000 attend chiefly the services of the Wesleyan Methodists.

**THE IRISH DELEGATION.**—Rev. William Arthur, M. A., and Rev. Robinson Scott—the former one of the Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the British Wesleyan conference, and the latter a member of the Irish conference—are now in the United States soliciting help for Methodism in Ireland. The object of their visit is a most worthy and urgent one, and we hope that any and all who have the means will spare it for these brethren in their work of helping to evangelize Ireland. The first Methodist sermon preached in America was by an Irish local preacher—Philip Embury—and ought we not in gratitude, now that they need it most, furnish help to our Wesleyan brethren across the Atlantic?

**PULSE-BEATING MACHINE.**—Professor Bierordt, of Frankfurt, has invented a machine to record the beating of the pulse. The arm is placed in a kind of cradle, which keeps it steady; a lever rests by one end on the artery, and at every beat a pencil, on the opposite end, marks a cylinder of paper. If the pulse be regular, a regular zigzag line is produced; if irregular, the line is full of breaks and jerks.

**SCHOOLMASTERS WANTED IN ENGLAND.**—A Parliamentary return shows that of the jurymen on coroners' inquests in England, 11,214 were "unable to sign their own names," and 11,336 "had marks opposite their names," the proportions being nearly the same in the two preceding years.

**CARBONIC ACID BATHS.**—Attention is again directed to carbonic acid baths, as a beneficial remedy for muscular contractions, debility, and weak eyes: the curative effects in some instances are remarkable. M. Herpin reports that at Marienbad he placed his stiff leg in a bath of the gas, and, after the first few minutes, experienced a glow and tingling, next a copious perspiration, and in time the joint became supple.

**FROST-BITES.**—M. Baudens, of Marseille, France, protests against amputation for frost-bite. If left to itself, he argues that nature will separate the living from the dead portions, neither too much nor too little. Of three thousand frost-bitten soldiers landed at that port, three hundred were cured by being left to nature, and are now much less dismembered and lame than those who underwent amputation.

**NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.**—It is said that fire was unknown to many of the nations of antiquity, and even at the present day it is unknown in some parts of Africa. The inhabitants of the Marion Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire, and expressed the greatest astonishment on first beholding it—believing it to be some living animal which fed on wood. The inhabitants of Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant.

**GOLD IN ANCIENT TIMES.**—The contributions of the people in the time of David, for the Sanctuary, exceeded £6,800,000, or about \$34,000,000. The immense treasure David is said to have collected for the Sanctuary amounted to £889,000,000—Crito says £798,000,000—a sum greater than the British National Debt. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "Most Holy Place," only a room thirty feet square, amounted to more than £38,000,000.

**DEPTH OF AMERICAN LAKES.**—It has hitherto been asserted that Lake Huron was 860 feet deep, but it has lately been ascertained by United States Coast Survey that it is only 420 feet deep. Lake Erie is from 60 to 70 feet deep; Lake Ontario 452 feet—as low as most parts of the bottom of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. All the lakes cover an area of 43,040,000.

**LITERARY FESTIVAL.**—On Thursday, September 27th, the book publishers of New York city gave a grand entertainment in the Crystal Palace, to which they invited several hundred authors, editors, professors, etc. Speeches were made by several distinguished authors, and the whole affair passed off with great good spirit and enthusiasm. Not a drop of wine or any other kind of liquor was used or allowed to be used on the premises at the time—a feature decidedly to be commended.

**AN ENGLISH PECULIARITY.**—One or two things I may notice as peculiar to the worship of the English churches that I attended: the people bow or lean forward when the name of Christ occurs in the service. The minister is not present, or does not appear to be so, during the reading of the service.—*Dr. Thomson's Letters*.

**ELECTRICAL LIGHT.**—The town of Deal, England, has dispensed with gas light, and is now illuminated most perfectly, says the *Scientific American*, by the light of electricity.

## Literary Notices.

## NEW BOOKS.

**THE ANNALS OF SAN FRANCISCO.** *New York: Appleton & Co.*—To know something of the history of this new Tadmor, which has sprung up as by enchantment in what was but a short time since a waste desert, and has become the center of a vast commerce, connecting it with every part of the globe, must be a very general desire throughout the world. Sebastopol is the only city on the globe which now vies with San Francisco in the attention it attracts. It is somewhat wonderful to find the "Annals" of a city only five or six years old filling a huge octavo of over eight hundred pages; yet such is the fact here; and what is more, the reader will find but little cause to complain either of irrelevant matter or too much detail. The work gives a succinct history of the first discovery, settlement, progress, and present condition of California as introductory to a complete history of all the important events connected with the great city whose annals it records. To the work are appended biographical memoirs of some of the prominent citizens of the place. Messrs. Soule, Gihon, and Nisbet, by whom the volume was prepared, were favored with every possible facility for its production, and have digested and arranged their material with excellent taste and skill. There are some scenes described here which will make the virtuous heart sad; but they undoubtedly belonged to the history. We should have felt that the work was more complete had the missionary efforts and religious institutions received more full and earnest attention. The work is written in a felicitous style, and will abundantly repay a perusal. It is also illustrated with one hundred and fifty engravings—among which are a map of California, a map and also a landscape view of the city. The illustrations are finely executed, and add much to the interest of the work. The mechanical execution of the work is superb. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

**MEMOIR OF REV. SYDNEY SMITH.** *By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. Austin. Two Volumes. 12mo. 378 and 511 pp.*—The piety of Sydney Smith, the great wit and humorist, is placed in beautiful and unquestionable light in these volumes. And this view of it chastens the delightful humor and pungent wit for which he is mainly known in the literary world, and for which his name has become almost a synonym. No one will rise from the perusal of these volumes without placing a higher estimate on the reverend original. They abound in characteristic incidents and anecdotes. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

**HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.** *From the French of L. F. Burenger. Edited from the second London edition, with a Summary of the Acts of the Council, by John M'Clintock, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 546 pp.*—The first arrival of legates at Trent was on the 13th of March, 1545; the final session of the Council was held on the 3d or 4th of December, 1563. The Council forms an era in the history of Papal intrigues, assumptions, and corruptions. Dr. M'Clintock has done a good work in bringing out so complete an edition of this history, especially at this crisis, when Popery is

making such studious efforts to exalt its claims, and at the same time conceal its true character. Let every Protestant Christian—nay, every American citizen, get this work and read it. For sale by H. W. Derby, Main-street, Cincinnati.

**THE LIFE OF CURRAN.** *By his Son, William Henry Curran. With Additions and Notes, by R. Shelton Mackenzie. New York: Redfield. 12mo. 535 pp.*—Curran was one of the most brilliant geniuses and orators Ireland has ever produced. He was one of the truest patriots and most devoted lovers of his country. And in the darkness and gloom of her last days of independent existence, he was the center of the sparkling wits, the brilliant advocates, the renowned orators, and the honored statesmen who flashed out and who vainly endeavored to stay her approaching ruin. This volume is possessed of peculiar value; for while the editor has taken the Memoir by his son as the basis, he has wrought into it valuable additions from the "Recollections of Curran" by Phillips, and also from the Memoir prefixed to Curran's Speeches by Thomas Davis. Mr. Davis says of Curran he was "a companion unrivaled in sympathy and wit; an orator, whose thoughts went forth like ministers of nature, with robes of light and swords in their hands; a patriot, who battled beat when the flag was trampled down; and a genuine, earnest man, breathing of his climate, his country, and his time." For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

**THE SOUTHERN CROSS AND SOUTHERN CROWN; or, the Gospel in New Zealand.**—We thank the Messrs. Carter, of New York, for giving this captivating and instructive volume to the American public. No one can read it without having his appreciation of the missionary work—its trials and triumphs—vastly exalted. It is a beautiful 16mo. of two hundred and sixty-eight pages. For sale by Moore, Wilstach & Co., Cincinnati.

**THE SURE ANCHOR; or, the Young Christian Admonished, Exhortated, and Encouraged.** *By Rev. H. P. Andrews. Boston: James P. Magee. 12mo. 216 pp.*—The author of this volume writes in an earnest, fervent spirit, and evidently aims to do the greatest possible good to the young voyagers to eternity. The blending of allegorical imagery with didactic instruction will, no doubt, give to the work an effectiveness in many minds. The work may be obtained of booksellers generally.

**THE HEBREW MISSIONARY: Essays, Exegetical and Practical, on the Book of Jonah.** *By Rev. Joseph Cross, D. D. Edited by Thomas O. Summers; and published by Stevenson & Owen, for the Methodist Episcopal Church South. 18mo. 240 pp.*—The style of the author, rich and flowing, appears to admirable advantage in this series of fifteen essays, embracing the incidents in the life and mission of Jonah. In careful exegesis, in beautiful imagery, and in skillful application, the work appears to excellent advantage.

We are indebted to Carlton & Phillips for the following Sunday school books, which the indefatigable editor has recently added to the Sunday School catalogue:

1. **CHILDHOOD; or, Little Alice**—18mo. square, 189 pages—a charming little work, which one "little reader" has devoured with avidity.

2. *JOHNNY M'KAY; or, the Sovereign*: the story of an honest boy—18mo., 220 pages—has shared the same fate as the preceding, and been pronounced a “beautiful book.”

3. *BLOOMING HOPES AND WITHERED JOYS*—18mo., 286 pages—is from the pen of Rev. J. T. Barr; and that is a sufficient pledge for its adaptation to the young, and its power to please and benefit them.

All our Sunday schools should forthwith add these new volumes to their libraries.

TALES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. *New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.* 16mo. 344 pp.—This volume contains seventeen sketches of some of the most thrilling scenes in English history. For sale by Moore, Wilstach, & Co., Cincinnati.

LITTLE NELL, from the *Old Curiosity-Shop* of Charles Dickens—*New York: Redfield*; 16mo., 202 pp.—is an attempt to segregate some of the charming stories which abound in the works of Dickens from their connection, and to present them in a form adapted to children. The plan is admirable, and we judge that in this volume it has been well executed. For sale by H. W. Derby, Main-street, Cincinnati.

ROEMER'S POLYGLOT READERS.—We have before us the English, French, and German volumes in this series. They are designed to serve as a guide for translation, and consist of a series of English extracts with their translation into French, German, etc. The selections are made with great care, and comprise a wide variety as to style, subject, and matter. So far as we can judge from a hasty examination, the translations have been happily executed. Prepared by J. Roemer, A. M., Professor of French Language and Literature in the Free Academy of the city of New York, and published by D. Appleton & Co. We invite the attention of teachers to this series. For sale by H. W. Derby.

A VOICE FROM THE PIOUT DEAD OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—*Philadelphia: Higgins & Perkinson*; 12mo., 320 pp.—contains brief and striking sketches of the life, character, and last hours of Hay, Good, Hope, Bateman, Bodman, Gordom, Broughton, and Capadose. To the work is prefixed a preliminary dissertation by the author—H. J. Brown, M. D.—on “The Cross as the Key to all Knowledge.” The whole work is valuable less for originality than for practical utility; and it must give the reader a higher appreciation of the piety of the more eminent members of the medical profession. For sale at the Western Book Concern.

THE CHRIST OF HISTORY. *An Argument Grounded on the Facts of his Life on Earth.* By John Young, A. M. *New York: Carter & Brother.* 12mo. 260 pp.—The construction of the argument in this is original and eminently comprehensive and lucid. It comprises three leading points; namely, 1. The Outer Conditions of the Life of Christ; 2. The Work of Christ among Men; 3. The Spiritual Individuality of Christ. The first part comprises, (1.) His Social Position; (2.) The Shortness of his Earthly Course; (3.) The Age and Place in which he appeared. The second part comprises, (1.) His own Idea of his Public Life; (2.) The Commencement of his Ministry; (3.) The Marked Character of his Public Appearances; (4.) His Teaching; (5.) The Argument from his Work to his Divinity. The third part comprises, (1.) His Oneness with God; (2.) The Forms of his Consciousness; (3.) The Totality of his Manifestations before the World; (4.) The Motive of his Life; (5.) His Faith in Truth, in

God, and in the Redemption of Mankind; (6.) The Argument from his Character to his Divinity. All that we need add is, that the filling up of this grand outline has been accomplished in a masterly manner. The author has evidently studied his subject profoundly, and has exhibited masterly powers of logical analysis in its elucidation. For sale by Moore, Wilstach, & Co., Cincinnati.

THEISM: *The Witness of Reason and Nature to the All-Wise and Beneficent Creator.* By Rev. John Tulloch, D. D. *New York: Robert Carter & Brother.* 12mo. 431 pp.—This essay was written in competition for two premiums, which are distributed at intervals of forty years, according to the provisions of a bequest made by Mr. Burnett, a merchant of Aberdeen. On the occasion on which the second premium—£600—was awarded to Dr. Tulloch, the first—£1,800—was given to R. A. Thompson, M. A. The theme is thus laid down by Mr. Burnett: “The evidence that there is a Being, all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation; and, in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus; and, from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind.” The author has a grand theme; but his line of argument appears to us too obscure and intangible. For sale as above.

#### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for September, contains: 1. Life in the Interior of Russia. 2. Zaidee. 3. Maud, by Tennyson. 4. Notes on Canada. 5. The Imperial Policy of Russia. 6. Light Literature. 7. Wagram, or Victory in Death. 8. Our Beginning of the Last War. *New York: L. Scott & Co.* Price, three dollars per annum. May be had of all booksellers.

THE HOME CIRCLE has very materially improved under the editorship of Rev. L. D. Huston, D. D. It is a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, and published for two dollars, by the Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE still retains its mammoth circulation, the announcement of which is the best compliment that can be paid to it. Upon no magazine in the world is there expended such an amount of intellectual effort and of pecuniary means. H. W. Derby, of Cincinnati, is the general agent for it in the west.

PARSONS COOKE ON METHODISM is literally extinguished by Rev. D. Wise, in a pamphlet of eighty-four pages. It is scathing, pungent, and conclusive. The illiberal fictions of Dr. Cooke are shamed out of countenance by an array of stubborn facts.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE, BY REV. W. H. COLLINS.—This was preached at the funeral of Mrs. Charlotte J., wife of Hon. Arthur Edwards, of Trenton, Mich. It is an excellent tribute to the memory of a noble woman.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE PHILO-FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY OF ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, BY HON. WARTMAN C. WILLEY.—The object of the discourse is to show that maintaining perfect integrity of moral character under all circumstances is the fundamental law of life. It is a fine and able discussion.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, MAY 19, 1855, BY DRS. COLLINS AND BUCHANAN.

## Notes and Queries.

PLATO'S THEORY OF THE TRIANGULAR FORMS OF MATTER.—“*Mr. Editor*,—Will you do us the favor to answer the following question: ‘What was the real theory of Plato concerning nature?’”

We give the following as the most concise and comprehensible answer to our querist we can obtain. Plato, like Pythagoras, maintained the idea that God and matter existed from all eternity; but that matter in itself had no form, property, or force. God gave it, from the beginning, a triangular form; afterward, taking a certain number of primitive triangles, he composed the four primary elements, which we, in this lower world, term fire, air, earth, and water. Fire, which is the most subtle, he said is made up of the smallest number of triangles, and that it has, by the combination of these triangles, the figure of a pyramid. The atoms of air represent a solid of twelve faces, dodecahedron. Water has the form of an icosahedron, or a solid of twenty faces. Finally, the earth, the heaviest of all the elements, constitutes a hexahedron; that is to say, a perfect cube composed of right-angled triangles.

This is, so far as we understand it, the “triangular theory” of “the sage of antiquity.” The mode by which Plato determines the primitive figure given by the Creator to matter is a curiosity in the line of physical investigation. He contends that this figure is a triangle, because of all the surfaces the triangular is the most simple, and there is no figure which may not be divided into triangles. Plato further assumed that, while matter remains in its elementary state, it does not affect our senses in any way. For it to become perceptible, it is necessary that several elements unite, and form an aggregate. Thus the elemental triangles representing water were imperceptible till, by a combination with other elemental triangles, an aggregate was formed.

A splendid theory; but on what foundation did it rest?

PLATO ON THE FORMATION OF MAN.—While we are upon this subject of Plato's philosophy, we shall, perhaps, interest the curious by giving his theory of the formation of man. His doctrine was that the Supreme Intelligence charged the secondary gods with the formation of mortal animals. These gods, having received from the hands of the Celestial Father the immaterial principle of the human soul, fashioned a body or casement for it out of the most regular and polished of the primitive triangles. This luminous and incorruptible body, which envelope the immaterial soul, was placed in the brain of man. This was the *higher soul* of man. He affirmed, also, that the visible and grosser body of the animal was endowed with another soul, which was mortal, and which was also the seat of the baser passions. This occupied the length of the spinal marrow, leaving between it and the divine soul the interval of the neck—for fear that the two substances, of a nature so different, being too closely connected, the baser might tarnish or embarrass the other by contact with it. “Therefore,” he reasons, “the gods placed the mortal soul in the chest and the trunk; and as this soul contains a good and a bad principle, they divided the cavity of the trunk into two departments, by means of the diaphragm placed in the middle as a partition. Nearer the head, between the diaphragm and the neck, they placed the manly and

courageous, or bellicose principle of the mortal soul.” The *bad* principle of the mortal soul is confined, like a ferocious beast, in its cavern below the diaphragm, where it could obtain food and drink.

This is philosophy! the philosophy of “the sage of antiquity!” No wonder that we venerate the profound wisdom of ancient sages and philosophers! Men possessed of *imaginings* that could originate such a theory, and plausibility of speech and argument to make men receive it after it was invented, are certainly entitled to a great degree of veneration!

“UNLUCKY FRIDAY.”—In reply to a minor query in your October number, as to why Friday is and has been deemed an unlucky day, permit me to send you the following, which I came across in my reading a few days since, premising that it is a reason prevalent among the people of the Channel ports of England, though but little known in America:

“In olden times, when the trade of England was confined to small coasting sloops and fishing vessels, and when a passage from one port to another seldom occupied over two days, it was found very difficult to get a crew for any craft leaving port on the Sabbath, the sailors claiming that day as a day of rest. This interfered very much with the profits of those engaged in the coasting trade, as it was their custom to start on a voyage on Sunday, return to port on Thursday, load, and be again ready for sea on the Sabbath, thus keeping their vessels and crews constantly employed. In order to obviate the difficulty, they caused the report to be circulated that Sunday was a very lucky day—in fact, the lucky day of the week—and any craft leaving port on that day was almost certain to make a good voyage. And having a lucky day, it was also necessary to have an unlucky day. They chose the day when in all probability their vessels would be in port loading, and in this way *Friday* got the name of being an unlucky day.”

NEW THEORY OF ANIMAL LONGEVITY.—A book recently published in Paris by M. Flowers places the complete natural life of man about one hundred years. The rule laid down is, that the natural extent of animal life is five times the number of years required to complete their growth. The table of M. Flowers is as follows:

Man grows for 20 years, and lives 90 or 100
The camel 8 “ “ 40
The horse 5 “ “ 25
The ox 4 “ “ 15 or 20
The dog 2 “ “ 10 or 12

We are inclined to accept this as the true theory. It is certainly a question of very great importance to the human family.

BESIDE, BESIDES.—The literary world needs to be set right as to the use and meaning of these words; for ignorance has originated, and affectation or carelessness have rendered common, a general misuse of the former word.

*Beside* means, primarily and precisely, *by the side of*; and is always a preposition. *Besides* means *in addition to*, in which sense it, also, is a preposition; and it means *more or moreover*, in which sense it is an adverb. There are some cumulative definitions, but these are the basis of all the others.

The common error consists in using *beside* as an adverb: a custom that has the appearance of an affected prettiness in composition; and has much the same effect on the nerves as the extreme use of the subjunctive in conversation: for instance, "If my friend Peter *say* that I did so and so, he is in error." The adverbial misuse of *beside* is on this wise: "I wish you to understand my orders, and, *beside*, I wish you to obey them." "*Beside*, I would have you remember so and so."

In these and similar cases the writer or speaker means moreover, and ought, therefore, to use the adverb *besides*.

The distinction is made obvious by illustrations. *Beside* means "by the side of," and is a preposition:

"The lovely Thaïs sits *beside* thee."

*Besides*, when meaning "in addition to," is also a preposition: "And *besides* all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed."

*Besides*, when meaning "moreover," is an adverb:

"Set you down this,  
And say, *besides*, that in Aleppo once."

These illustrations are single specimens, but an intelligent writer will readily see the force of their application, and it is to be hoped that the use of *beside* as an adverb may be "reformed altogether."

Q.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."—We find in a New York paper the following account of this most popular song; but whether true or not we must leave to the investigations of others:

"It was written by Samuel P. Woodworth, while yet he was a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets. Near by, in Frankfort-street, was a drinking-shop, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was super-excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *can de vie* was superior to any thing he had ever tasted. 'No,' said Mallory, 'you are mistaken; there was one which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this in the way of drinking.' 'What was that?' asked Woodworth, dubiously. 'The draughts of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer.' The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. 'True, true,' he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the 'Old Oaken Bucket,' one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be forever embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations."

"SMOKING AND THE PIPE."—That the clay pipe was the original form of producing the smoke nuisance is evident from the following lines in Skelton's "Eleanor Rummyn." After lamenting the knavery of that age as compared with King Harry's time, he continues:

"Nor did that time know,  
To puff and to blow,  
In a piece of white clay,  
As you do at this day,  
With fer and coale  
And a leafe in a hole," etc.

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."—This phrase originated in the following incident: In 1742 an orphan boy applied at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine

journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital he purchased fruit, which he retailed at profit. Time passed on, and wealth and honor smiled upon the young tradesman, so that when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the College of Heraldry for a crest, he painted the following motto on the panel of his carriage-door: "Nine tailors made me a man."

THE SLEEP OF FISHES.—In reply to the query, "Do fishes ever sleep?" I regret that I am not able to give you a very satisfactory reply. Naturalists, I think, are not agreed on the point—some contending that all kinds of fishes have their naps, while others affirm that only a few sleep. That some inhabitants of the water do sleep is, I think, very clear. Captain Scoresby, of the British Navy, makes mention of the sleep of porpoises and sharks; and a friend of mine, who has spent three years before the mast, says he has seen a whale asleep. Hoping that some one better informed than myself may furnish you a more satisfactory answer to the query,

I remain, yours, truly,

E. H.

TWO INQUIRIES.—Yourself and your readers have probably seen something like the following. A very old book in my possession has a black-letter label pasted on its inside reading thus. Can you give me its origin?

"Steal not this booke, my honest friende,  
For fear ye gallows be ye ende;  
For if you doe, the Lord will say,  
'Where is that booke you stole away!'"

And the following—can you tell who wrote it?

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
Were ev'ry stalk on earth a quill,  
And were the skies of parchment made,  
And ev'ry man a scribe by trade,  
To tell the love of God alone  
Would drain the ocean dry.  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretch'd from sky to sky."

P. Q. R.

RESURRECTED.—*Mr. Editor*,—In your department of the Repository, not the least interesting and instructive is that portion appropriated to "Notes and Queries." Will you, therefore, or some of your correspondents, give your readers the etymology of "resurrected"—a word which appears to be growing into use, but which, to me, presents no claims to legitimacy, as there is no word in our language from which it can be derived: it has the form of a perfect participle, and participles are formed only from verbs. The word in question, therefore, is without parentage.

Respectfully,

TERMONT.

MINOR QUERIES.—1. To whom must be attributed this couplet?

"A slanderer felt a serpent bite his side—  
What followed from the bite? *the serpent died.*"

2. Please give me, Mr. Editor, the origin of the words "pasteboard" and "bound in boards," and oblige a

LOVER OF CURIOSITIES.

3. "Thence" and "From Thence"—"Hence" and "From Hence."—Is there any propriety, Mr. Editor, in saying "from thence" and "from hence"—rather, is it not a palpable violation of the rules of rhetoric? Who can help me to some light on the subject?

CORA.

4. What is the origin of the term "old fog?"

## Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

**MAKING A DISTINCTION.**—A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction."

A cardinal, having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest. Saying to him that he had an important question to propose, he asked: "Is it under any circumstances lawful to baptize in soup?"

"I make a distinction," says the priest. "If you ask is it lawful to baptize in soup in general, I say no! If you ask is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's soup, I say yes! for there is really no difference between it and water."

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike-gate, when he said, "What is to pay?" "Pay, sir! for what?" asked the turnpike-man. "Why, for my horse, to be sure." "Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, sir." "No horse! Bless me, sir!" said he, suddenly, looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback." Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street, and invited me to meet myself. "Dine with me to-day, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." I admitted the temptation he held out with me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time, on meeting me, he put his arm through mine, muttering, "I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street." As we proceeded together W. passed. "That is the villain," exclaimed he, "who helped me yesterday to asparagus, and gave me no roast." He very nearly upset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the house of commons, and, tapping on the ground with it, cried out, in a low but very audible whisper, "Hear, hear, hear!"—*Sydney Smith.*

**THE OLD HERMIT.**—In the disgraceful and paltry war of the Fronde, in the minority of Louis XIV, of France, the Prince of Conde and the Cardinal de Retz, leaders of the opposing factions, during a short truce went together to view the curious garden of an old hermit, famous as a florist. They amused themselves by keeping him attentive to their discourse while they trod to pieces his best flowers on each side of the path. He soon discovered their plan, and, shaking his gray locks, cried, "Alas! alas! how much were it to be wished that you could agree in plans to relieve your distressed country with the same readiness which you show in joining to persecute a helpless solitary!"

**A SENSIBLE STAR-GAZER.**—An astronomer, who had long idolized his favorite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual Christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked him, "What will you now do with your astronomy?" His answer was worthy of a Christian philosopher. "I am now bound for heaven," said he, "and I take the stars in my way!" By these words the astronomer taught his friends that he had transferred his affections from the *created* to the *Creator*—that, instead of finding

his highest pleasure *out of God*, he found it in God; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the eternal.

**THE STOLEN BOOK.**—A man in Yorkshire once saw a book, entitled "Vindiciae Pietatis," at a sale; he coveted the book, and stole it; but, on taking it home and reading it, it proved the means of his conversion to God. He then took it back to its owner, acknowledged his crime in stealing it, but blessed God, who had overruled it for the salvation of his soul.

**A RAT AT PRAYERS.**—Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope in the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him, which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his back laid bare to the rod; when the witty schoolmaster told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on the boy as the greatest dunce in the school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

"There was a rat, for want of stairs,  
Came down a rope—to go to prayers."

Sheridan instantly dropped his rod, and instead of a whipping gave him half a crown.

**HIDING HER HUSBAND.**—It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who, being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered she had hid him. This confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but her discovering where her lord was concealed could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" says the lady. "Yes," says the king, "I give you my word for it." "Then," says she, "I have hid him in my heart; there you'll find him." Which surprising answer charmed her enemies.

**AN IRRELIGIOUS SAILOR.**—A sailor, who had not seen the inside of a church for some time, went into one just as the minister gave out for his text, "Wilt thou go with me to Ramoth Gilead, to battle?" which being twice repeated, the sailor, with some warmth, rose up, and exclaimed, "What, do none of you answer the gentleman? For my part, if nobody else will go, I'll go with him myself, with all my heart."

**SOUTH AND SHERLOCK.**—In the great dispute between South and Sherlock, the latter, who was a great courtier, said, "His adversary reasoned well, but he barked, like a cur." To which the other replied, "That fawning was the property of a cur as well as barking."

**SCOT AND SOT.**—A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at table over against the learned John Scot, asked him what difference there was between Scot and sot. "Just the breadth of the table," answered the other.

## Editor's Table.

**THE PRESENT NUMBER.**—The opening article by Bishop Morris on "Fast People" is suggestive, and full of the sententious and vivacious spirit of the author; the description of the Ohio Wesleyan University by its President is valuable for the historical information it imparts, and shows in how short time a first-class university may be established when people having the means have also the will to contribute of these means; Mr. Casseday's brief sketch of Mrs. Welby, the well-known Louisville poetess, is replete with interest, and one finishes it regretting that it was not longer; "Giants of the Human Race" goes against the doctrine that a race of giants has peopled the earth, and treats the subject of giants' bones with levity; "Scenes in the French Revolution" is a paper that reveals some of the darkest shades in which we are accustomed to look upon man—your blood will almost curdle as you read some of the paragraphs; "Lost and Found" touches the heart in a place of tenderness, and will stir your warmest sympathies; "Ecclesiastical History" is on a topic of not very common discussion in a lady's magazine, but is, nevertheless, worthy of attention by all ladies who would be considered well-read; "The Bird of Heaven," "The Dying Daughter," and "Jesse" are poetical papers of considerable merit; Professor Nadal's "Power of Right" exhibits terseness, elegance, and earnestness in its discussion, and imparts many valuable hints; "A Midshipman's Adventure with a Baby" is laughable; "Our Mother was a Remarkable Woman," by Rev. L. D. Barrows, teaches a lesson alike valuable to parents and children; "The Sea is Full of Life" furnishes facts not very familiar to the general reader, and is well-spiced in style; "How to Make Home Intolerable" is a rehearsal of some most valuable domestic truths; "A Chapter on Floral Superstitions" is a superior paper, and contains many interesting anecdotes; "The Intensity of Modern Life," by Miss Fry, reveals some facts which all of us are too unwilling in our practice to admit; "Miscellaneous Reading" is the first half of Dr. Thomson's late baccalaureate before the students of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and is able to speak for itself; "A Dinner Under Trying Circumstances" shows how a man fell into the hands of a lunatic and how he escaped. The other articles of the number, poetical as well as prose, the reader will find of at least sufficient merit, we trust, to secure them a perusal.

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—We have rarely ever sent out two more lively and attractive pictures than those which accompany this number. The engraving in each instance, too, is of a superior order. Of their subjects enough has been said elsewhere.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—The following articles in prose we are compelled to decline: "Broken Hearts;" "Slavery;" "The World of Mankind the Field for our Researches;" "The Setting Sun;" "Music;" and the following in poetry: "Thoughts Suggested on the Death of a Friend;" "Lines to an Invalid Sister;" "The Stream of Death;" "To Amanda;" "The Cross;" "Reflections Suggested by an Evening Walk." We will not discuss the truth or untruth of the old Latin adage, "Poets are born, and not made;" yet we will remark, that talent in poetry which many have deemed only mediocre has been cultivated into superior excellence, while decided poetic

power has often been sunk into the merest commonplace by indolence and carelessness. Between rhyme and poetry there is a mighty gulf which only patient study can bridge over. We hope, therefore, that our poetic correspondents will send us nothing except that which has cost them real pains.

**MISCELLANY.**—*Criticizing a Fine Sermon.*—Through the post-office last month we received this note: "A few evenings since, Mr. Editor, I was spending an hour with a reverend friend—a Doctor of Divinity, by the way, and a most exemplary and pious man. We were discussing, among other religious topics, that of ministerial earnestness and piety, when the Doctor made a sudden divergence, and told the following incident: 'Years ago, when living at Princeton, N. J., there was a man remarkable for his fine preaching talents; that is to say, he could frame elegant sentences, and speak them from the pulpit with great grace and dignity. I recollect his preaching on a certain special occasion. There was a great crowd out; and when the sermon was over, I walked home with a group of half a dozen theological students, among whom was a thoughtful but somewhat quizzical Yankee, named P. The sermon was praised as being exceedingly fine by all except P. At last he was pressed for an opinion, and, coming to a dead halt, he abruptly exclaimed, "The sermon, gentlemen, was fine—very fine—as fine, indeed, as fine chaff—but, gentlemen, it would take a cart-load of such sermons to convert even the soul of a musketeer!" After that there was no more talk about fine sermons.' There is a moral to the incident, but I leave that for you and your readers to draw."

**The Preacher and Jack Sheppard.**—At Newgate, England, after the escape of the notorious Jack Sheppard, a Dissenting minister preached a sermon on "Sinners and Sinnering," in the course of which he remarked as follows.

"How dexterously did Jack pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail—burst his fetters asunder—climb up the chimney—wrench out an iron bar—break his way through a stone wall—make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him—fix a blanket to the wall with a spike stolen from the chapel—descend to the top of the turner's house—cautiously pass down stairs, and make his escape at the street-door!

"I shall spiritualize these things. Let me exhort you, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of joining the Church; let yourself down to the turner's house of resignation; descend the stairs of humility. So shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape from the clutches of that old executioner the devil, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

**SOMETHING ABOUT CHILDREN.**—*A City to Take.*—The following, from the Ladies' Own Journal, England, is good, notwithstanding the great Crimean city has been taken:

"Last Sabbath evening, an esteemed clergyman in the eastern district of Edinburgh was examining the congregational school. The subject was the fall of Jericho.

'Have we not a city to take?' inquired the reverend gentleman. 'Yes, sir,' promptly answered a little boy. 'What city?' continued the clergyman. 'Why,' answered the little fellow with energy, 'we have Sevastopol to take!'

*Keeping a Carriage vs. Driving an Omnibus.*—*Mr. Editor*,—Passing along the street the other day, I heard a conversation between two children which reveals a phase in human nature. Number one says, "My father keeps a carriage." Number two, not to be outdone, responds, "My father drives an omnibus."

*Mother and God.*—A few days since a little boy, only six years old, was precipitated to the bottom of a deep vault in Cincinnati by the caving in of the floor. He struggled against death in his horrible situation for over an hour and a half. When rescued, he exclaimed, "O mother, when I fell, I called loudly upon you, but you did not answer; then I shut my eyes, and called upon God." We hardly know when we have met with an incident more beautiful.

*Praying Eight Times.*—Little Charlie has been taught by a pious mother the necessity of nightly prayer, but his little heart has taught him an improvement on the original plan. Charlie was tumbling into bed one night as soon as his tunic and pantaloons were exchanged for his small white night-dress. "My little boy must kneel by me, and thank his heavenly Father for his care of him," said his mother, as she took his hand. "O no," says Charlie, looking joyously into her face, "I sa'nt have to say any prayers for eight days: I said 'em over eight times before I went to bed last night."

*A Little Girl's Talk.*—Walking out with our household pet, says an eastern editor, a little girl of four years, one day, gathering flowers, I noticed a bay-tree with its large white blossoms on the bank of the stream. I pointed them out to her, and endeavored to make her see them. After an ineffectual attempt, she took my hand, and, proceeding in the direction indicated, said: "Let's go closer, pa; I can't see them. Your face is bigger than mine."

She had been a good deal wayward through the day; in truth, behaving, as we say, "very bad." In the evening, however, the storm cleared off, and the sky became bright and serene. Coming to me in quite an amiable mood, I accosted her with, "Well, daughter, is your 'badness' all over for the day?"

"Pa, I an't 'badness' all over—just a little bit."

I had wound up my watch and laid it on the table, remarking, "This watch goes too fast," not supposing that she had noticed what I had said or did. After a considerable interval, and when she had been out and in several times, she picked it up and brought it to me, holding it in one hand to her ear, and the key in the other. "Please, pa, look it up again; it's running away mighty fast."

*Preaching Small.*—"Mother," said a little girl, after coming home from church one Sunday, "mother, won't you ask the minister to *preach small*, so that I can understand him? I don't know what he means." What a rebuke to those ostentatious divines who "shoot the arrows of the word over the heads of their audiences in flourishes of affected rhetoric!" "There is," says a religious cotemporary, "an idea extant that to speak plain Saxon is not to speak learnedly. Hence, it must be Latinized to get its proper roundness. We have heard of one who, in quoting the beautiful Saxon, 'O, the length and breadth, the hight and the depth,' etc., put it into good

English eloquence thus: 'O, the latitude and the longitude, the altitude and the profundity!'" That must have been as plain to the audience as the following figure: "The Bible gives light; it is like an orifice in any edifice, covered with pellucid plates for the transmission of pelion rays!" That is, it is like a window!

*Little Children, by Mary Howitt.*—The following lines possess no great poetic merit; but they are so simple, natural, and sympathetic, that we can not help admiring them:

"Sporting through the forest wide;  
Playing by the water-side;  
Wandering o'er the heathy fells;  
Down within the woodland dells;  
All among the mountains wild,  
Dwelleth many a little child!  
In the baron's hall of pride;  
By the poor man's dull fire-side;  
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,  
Little children may be seen,  
Like the flowers that spring up fair,  
Bright and countless every-where!  
In the fair isles of the main;  
In the desert's lone domain;  
In the savage mountain glen,  
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;  
Whereso'er a foot hath gone;  
Whereso'er the sun hath shone  
On a league of peopled ground,  
Little children may be found!  
Blessings on them! they in me  
Move a kindly sympathy,  
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;  
With their laughter, and their tears;  
With their wonder so intense,  
And their small experience!  
Little children, not alone  
On the wide earth are ye known,  
'Mid its labors and its cares,  
'Mid its sufferings and its snares.  
Free from sorrow, free from strife,  
In the world of love and life,  
Where no sinful thing hath trod  
In the presence of your God,  
Spotless, blameless, glorified,  
Little children, ye abide!"

*STRAY GEMS.*—*Sanctified Affliction.*—Sanctified affliction, like rain after dry weather, lays the dust of passions, softens the soul into resignation, and causes gratitude to spring forth.

*The Education we should Give our Children.*—Give children a sound moral and literary education—useful learning for sails, integrity for ballast—set them afloat on the sea of life, and their voyage will be prosperous in the best sense of the word.

*Harsh Words.*—Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

*NEXT TO THE LAST NUMBER.*—With the next number we shall close the fifteenth volume of the *Ladies' Repository*. Our friends may expect a circular from the Publishers to accompany that number. They will state the plans and purposes for the forthcoming volume. A feeling of sadness comes over us as we find ourselves so near the close of the labors of another year. Truly time is on the wing. Its years, how they seem to dwindle down to months, its months to weeks, and its weeks to days! But we have only to *toil and wait*; to sow now that we may reap by and by. We look forward with confidence and hope.

M70U



ENGRAVING BY WHITFIELD.

## THE SMILE.

"Full well they laughed, with unfeigned glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a jape had he."

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADY'S REPOSITORY.

*At all his jokes, for many a jape had he.*  
ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIE'S REPOSITORY



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